Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. | PHILADELPHIA, JULY 25, 1835. | Whole No. 730.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

Hark to the sound of the death drum's beat,
Sadly it falls on the soldier's ear,
And he who stood in the battle's heat,
Gives to that passing sound a tear:
For the soldier's heart tho' val'rous and brave,
Can as nobly feel, as nobly save.

Again that death note fills the gale!
See the dark bier from the gates emerge!
Hear ye that deep and lonely wail?
'Tis the young soldier's funeral dirge!
In the midst of life and glory's dawn,
He was called to the land of his father's home.

But where's the hearse of the warrior dead,
Where's the darkly nodding plume,
And where's the mourning throng that tread,
Around the fallen hero's tomb?
Ah, where are the arms to the hero dear?
I see them not on that gloomy bier!

Ah, few were his gears,—his battle steed
Was young in strength,—his valor's beam
And the bright fame of the noble dead,
Slumber'd still in his youthful dream,
And he who weeps o'er his humble grave—
Weeps for the fall of the future brave!

But see that pale, that trembling form,
That presses close to the silent bier?
On her widow'd cheek the tear is warm,
And her deep groans fill the soldier's ear,
Alas, she is in the world alone,
For that fallen youth was her only son!

THE SUICIDE:

A TALE OF THE ANCIENT DOMINION.

Continued from our last Number.

Eight or ten patrician dwellings had been thus visited in succession—Sir Ralph Armistead's making the last, where the rollicksome crew broke up and dispersed in all directions. Mr. Dallas and his peerless damsel remained a day or two after the rest, as well as Mr. Rudolph, whom the former had invited to accompany them home. Of course, this politic lover, who was vibrating between the "beauty of beauties," and another rich match, was full prompt to wait upon the father and daughter, even while pleading with well dissembled hesitation, a host of opposing engagements. But Hetty had hardly begun to rejoice in the prospect of his company, ere she heard to her infinite consternation of her cousin Patsey's probable presence at the same time. She had been to Vernon Hill only a few days before the festival; and though it then seemed likely that her aunt's gradual amendment would soon liberate the gentle nurse, who had so devoted herself to the sick chamber—Miss Dallas was in such a whirl of joyous anticipation as entirely to overlook the improved state of the patient and every thing else unconnected with her approaching triumph.—Mr. Dallas and Lady Joanna were, however, more observant—and found their intreaties for Miss Vernon to recruit herself by a change of air readily acquiesced in: of course, her uncle's residence was the appointed place of recreation. But this visitation—for it was deemed such by her old play mate—was a relatively distant evil—Cyprian's society, an immediate and delicious enjoyment: so that the trio reached Dalton-dale in high spirits, there to luxuriate in the quiet and seclusion so grateful after the excitement of their protracted jubilee. The lord of the manor was moreover, possessed of a private and most agreeable subject of contemplation and arrangement in the proposed visit, at an early day, of him, whom he loved to believe, his future son-in-law. Meanwhile the lovers, growing daily and hourly more enamoured—were left pretty much to their own devices. Nothing so tended to facilitate the ruin of our hapless heroine, as her being thus thrown into close and constant association with the subtle and specious wooer, whose designs upon her were purely mercenary, or worse still, selfishly profligate. Not that he was insensible to the rare charms endeared by such depth of fervent fondness: on the contrary, they had inspired him with a passion as vehement and unholy as ever led to the betrayal of confiding beauty. His first point and principal motive in coming to Dalton-dale, was to ascertain whether the public voice had exaggerated the expectations of this sole daughter, if they turned out to correspond with the dictates of justice and the vast amount of the family possessions, he then meditated an immediate elopement; for the consummate plotter concluded it useless to seek the paternal consent to their union. If she proved comparatively portionless, and knowing Mr. Dallas to be a strong advocate and upholder of the Salick law, he was not unprepared to hear of his intention to put off his female scion with next to nothing. Rudolph's aim and end was to degrade the object of vows so solemn and reiterated as to border upon self imprecation, into the sharer, perhaps victim of a loose intrigue.

Meanwhile he was rapidly acquiring unbounded influence over those affections which seared towards the parent so long neglectful of her—and whom she stood so much in awe of, withdrawn through envy from her unconscious cousin—and greatly cooled by time and the absence of that dear brother so long away,—clung with all the warmth and intensity of woman's first love to the serpent seducer who repaid it thus vilely. For as yet the feelings that agitated Hetty were chaste and maidenly—and in comparison with those which she awakened, like the pure sun-shine playing about coldness and corruption, beside the reeking and sulphureous glare of infernal fire. But we have formerly stated her passions as hasty and totally unregulated—her heart to be the hot-house of vain and violent impulses; and each protestation she listened to, every lesson she imbibed from the unprincipled master of her inmost soul, tended to beguile her away from the path of duty and virtue. The first false step was her clandestine reception of Rudolph's addresses. He pretended jealousy forsooth, of any agency between them; his sensitive and passionate nature could not be pacified, or resign itself to the bliss of implicit confidence till assured that his idol loved him for himself alone—that he owed nothing to the authority of a father, or the trappings and appendages of wealth and rank beyond the loftiest hopes of American ambition. Once satisfied of her disinterested preference, the revelation of their reciprocal attachment was to be co-incident with it; and in proof of Hetty's sincerity and superiority to venal motives, her insidious suitor exacted every concession on her part, without the slightest sacrifice in turn. At the same time, he appealed to those very accessaries, which he professed so much to distrust, by hints calculated to work upon her pride and love of show—and which produced in her young and unexperienced mind, the most exaggerated ideas of his actual dignity and estate. All was to be disclosed—every day dream confirmed when her perfect reliance on his honour, entire submission to his will had evinced the fulness of that love, which believes all things and grants all things to the favoured object; and this sophistry, flimsy as it was, blinded a credulous girl, new to the world, ignorant of mankind—and in all the tremours and ecstacies of sensations too often bewildering stronger heads than her's.

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February came—and with it Miss Vernon and Mr. Nivison. On the arrival of the first, Hetty and her deceiver were sitting together—she at her embroidery frame tambouring a jeans petticoat—and he turning over and pointing out to her as applicable to themselves the most empassioned scenes in that dramatized triumph of the tender passion, Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," while Mr. Dallas walked up and down the parlour extorting from the strings of his beloved Cremona, a melancholy sort of music blending with the recitation like the choral accompaniment of a Greek tragedy. When Patsey entered with the aerial yet stately step of a Juno, and tossing off her white beaver hat with its blue lining and feathers, and throwing back the blue satin capuchin lined with yellow fur in which she was wrapped, first received her uncle's hearty embrace—and then turned to her friend who flew with every demonstration of eager affection into her arms,—the English voluptuary started up in unfeigned admiration of the creature so perfect and so commanding thus suddenly placed before him. In describing this young lady, we need only have employed that exquisite stanza of Byron's:

"She walks in beauty like the night,
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
When all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

How different was the charming reality from the portrait Miss Dallas had drawn so often and so unfaithfully for her curious lover. In some respects Miss Vernon, according to the taste of the times, was decidedly superior to her lovely cousin. In height, a great point with the courtly connoisseurs, who held it to be synonymous with rank, she exceeded the latter, and the pure pearly paleness of a complexion clear as alabaster, and the delicate chiselling of features, surpassed by nothing in the antique sculpture, which they resembled, formed a style of beauty then more highly estimated than the glowing hues breathing their warm spell over Hetty's exquisite face.—In expression—the soul and soul of living beauty, Miss Vernon had likewise the advantage; for her eyes were as a mirror to reflect, every change and charm of thought: yet after all, the difference between the two was a mere matter of taste—and to be pronounced upon as the proportions and colouring of painting, or the grace and animation of life might be preferred. In Rudolph's opinion this last constituted the omnipotent attraction; and he gazed and gazed upon that countenance "which varied as it beamed," contrasting its energy and intellectual paleness with the voluptuous softness and downy bloom hitherto bewitching him, till certain angry glances from the blue eyes of his mistress, and a few words, half jest, half reproof from Mr. Dallas reminded him that it was neither polite nor politic to "fall to such perusal of" Miss Vernon's face,

"As if he'd draw her."

But though the looks were averted, the attention was soon exerted all his powers for the entertainment of this new and fair arrival, and never did the agreeable, the restless Englishman display himself more favourably than during this evening.

Patsey was overjoyed to rejoin her old friends after so long a separation; nor did they engross her to the exclusion of a new one. Cyprian and herself speedily grew intimate, for he possessed the gift of fascination when he chose to assert it; and for awhile the spell was upon Miss Vernon. Still their good understanding proved

"Sweet though not permanent, forward yet not lasting—
The mere perfume and suppliance of a minute."

The lofty penetration of the lady soon pierced through the disguise of sentiment and character, so skilfully assumed. His hollowness of heart—the fallacy of his arguments, and falsehood of his nature were soon deduced from slight yet corroborative discrepancies in the elegant language and plausible reasonings that varnished them over and of course, disgusted the moral tact by which they were so readily developed. She comprehended, too, by instinct, her cousin's entanglement and perilous position; but the diplomacy deeply engrafted on Hetty's nature, so defied and baffled the inquisition of frank friendship—and enabled her to play her part so admirably towards her lover, that Patsey, whose generous disposition suspected slowly and with great reluctance, soon became re-assured on her account, and believed her in no deeper danger than might arise from a mere transient whim for the sparkling and seductive stranger.

He was not without his own particular feelings towards this acute but attractive observer,—and they were of a mixed and most uneasy sort. He liked, and yet disliked—by turns shrunk from and sought her—and could hardly have determined, had it been put to his option whether to cull or caress the beauty, who awed and embarrassed him even in the midst of his involuntary admiration. That dark eye, so dazzling and dreamy, which he could have gazed on forever, had it beamed benignly upon him, seemed endowed with the property of Ithuriel's spear to detect and expose—not the fiend in the array of an angel of light, but a hypocrite, and sharper in the guise of a finished gentleman: he felt that her quick discernment had sifted him thoroughly and scorned the crafty counterfeit: but even while dreading, he appreciated the force of intellect thus employed against him. All his efforts to disarm or conciliate it, proved, however, ineffectual; and Patsey's civil repulsion of his devoirs (generally a subject of female contention) and the cold yet careless reserve of her demeanour towards him, when they chanced to be alone, or thrown particularly together, sufficiently indicated, that his most refined attentions and all the elegant extravagance of compliment, in which he so much excelled, were either passed by or repaid in kind with an air that intimated the exact and accurate value set upon them; and Rudolph, forced to own himself foiled in his artful aims by a simple girl, was in despair of overreaching or cajoling the judgment so rigidly and unerringly exercised upon him. But in truth, Miss Vernon thought more and better of the prepossessing foreigner than his anxiety for her good opinion, suffered him to suppose. For though her stronger reason prompted her to shun and look upon him with such distrust as might actuate a passenger's avoidance of a treacherous stream, full of eddies and whirlpools, glassed over with a shining sheet of ice, firm to the eye yet frail beneath the venturous foot,—yet, in one respect, the pre-eminent Patsey was neither more nor less than woman. The syren song of flattery—like Mercury's pipe soothing the drowsy Argus with its somniferous notes—had power, partially to lull the vigilance of female suspicion; and though Miss Vernon's doubts still discarded the double dealer from friendship or familiar intercourse with her, she enjoyed his lively wit and fine manner as the life and charm of their social circle. This was somewhat enlarged with the approach of Valentine's Day, then celebrated by rites similar to those recorded in Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth," which anniversary so eagerly expected and zealously kept by the young of each sex, Rudolph resolved to signalize by a last attempt to propitiate the divine but disdainful Patsey Vernon.

With that young lady, Mr. Nivison proved a greater favorite; in spite of that arrogance and self conceit, ill disguised and scarce improved by the stiff, shy manner, contrasting so disadvantageously with the open address and negligent grace of his English rival,—she recognized in him natural good sense sound principles, and sufficient, though not romantic sensibility of heart. His family and fortune were among the first in the Colony—his addresses highly approved by the connexions on either side: and with all the influence she fancied herself possessed of, she endeavoured to recommend him to the acceptance of Miss Dallas, whom she justly deemed fortunate in fixing his affection. Hetty pretended to listen—but in reality detested this officious interference the more since she believed her cousin's secret object to be the appropriation of Cyprian Rudolph to herself. And such an invidious theft was the more provoking since it went to derange her pet plan, which was to engage Miss Vernon's powerful interest with the stately proprietor of Dalton-dale in behalf of her own requited attachment. The fatal mistake of supposing that nobody could look with indifference on the outlandish wonder, prevented a confidence, which would, in all probability, have averted the sad catastrophe, impending over her love and life.

The suitor, honoured by her father's commendations had, at this early stage of the affair, no cause to complain of the reception given him by the bewitching being of whom he was so deeply enamoured. Hetty exulting in the homage of a lover so distinguished, made use of him to prevent any suspicion of her actual minion, as well as to excite the jealousy of this last, and thereby hasten his public declaration. For as glimpses of Cyprian's real character broke in upon her, she began to fear as much as she adored him, and to wish herself well out of the scrape into which great levity of temper and infinite love for him, had inextricably involved her. But while all her efforts—such as she dared to make—tended to extort his honourable avowal of the engagement between them, which her simplicity conceived sure of the official sanction, the unworthy object of her choice studied only how to procrastinate and keep back and finally break away from the perplexities of the double plot so artfully interwoven by him. By diligent though indirect inquiry he had satisfied himself as to Mr. Dallas' intentions with respect to his only daughter, and they were such as, by no means, tallied with his own necessities and high appraisement of himself. Fifteen or twenty house servants—a new harpsichord, and splendid wardrobe, this partisan of primogeniture proclaimed to be the extent of what he designed to bestow upon his beautiful Hetty; and her lover's knowledge of a provision so paltry being the sum total of her inheritance, at once extinguished the half lighted torch of Hymen, though it left his heart a prey to bitter disappointment and the pangs of that perverted passion—such as befits demons rather than man, which bordering in its purposes and effects upon hatred, the ancients aptly personified as the Cupid Anteros, sullen, selfish and impure—the offspring of Nox and Erebus (Hell and the night.) No touch of tenderness—no impulse of gratitude or obligation of honour interposed between the hardened libertine and his fair victim; for such her age, education and inexperience literally made her: on the contrary, he grew doubly impatient of delay since the state of his finances and the constant dread of Miss Vernon's observation alike urged him to precipitate the *dénouement* of his intrigue. Cary Nivison's proposal occurring just in the nick of time, offered the means of obviating that shame and discovery, otherwise attendant on the success of Rudolph's fell designs [illegible] not merely reasonable but just, that the ruin of the daughter should revenge him upon the haughty sire, whose aristocratic prejudices thus thwarted the inclination of a fond couple, and defrauded his expectations of a match calculated to minister alike to his happiness and his aggrandizement. But enough of this is undue anticipation.

To retrograde a little. The day sacred to the patron saint of lovers had come and gone. Valentines and verses—love-tokens, and the usual exchange of gifts and kisses had enlivened the large party collected at Dalton-dale to honour the occasion. By a little dexterous management—such as regulates all lotteries, Hetty had drawn the name of the Nansemond magnate—Barbara Page that of the august host himself,—while the peerless Englishman fell to the share of the fortunate Miss Patsey Vernon, yet though his most far fetched rhymes, and the elegant accompaniment of an agate-patch-box, beautifully mounted in gold, testified his profound sense of the distinction conferred on him by her salute of acknowledgment, the courtly Cyprian had the mortification to find his delicate flattery and rare present, both thrown away upon the ungrateful beauty. A graceful compliance with the edicts of established usage compelled her to receive his offering, and be his passive partner for the day but nothing more; this formal association was all the reward he reaped for his pains; and there was her cousin—that celestial creature, his own devoted Father (as he always called her) burning with vexation and disappointment at the cross allotment so acceptable to her self gratulating Valentine.—And the lovely Babby was hardly less delighted with the lucky draft, authorizing her to dedicate herself to the pursuance of certain half formed plans against the peace of Mr. Dallas. For a short time, mirth and matrimonial schemes—dancing and drinking, love and leisure reigned—even the lofty lord of the mansion stooped to laugh and loiter among the ladies in order to take notice of and toy with the sweet Miss Page. His daughter distracted betwixt love and envy—for the dashing Mrs Hollis, again their guest, beset Rudolph in the boldest style of widow's wooing—and he seemed inclined to flirt with and flatter around the silly, sighing Pocahontas far more than all things considered was proper or necessary—counted the hours and minutes, that must intervene ere she was relieved of the galling spectacle even at the risk of letting Nivison and Cyprian, swell their departing train. At last they went off in a body to Counsellor Lightfoot's—and then Hetty' uneasiness at trusting her idol by himself amid trials and temptations such as assaulted the bold knight of Triermaine in Merlin's enchanted hall, would have hurried her after them even at the risk of being tortured by a repetition of their detested coquetries and *agaceries*,—had not her cousin's continuance at Dalton-dale checked her in such a wild goose chase. And the disquieted girl was obliged not only to keep Patsey's company during the rest of her stay—but to accompany her home on a visit that promised to be none of the shortest, since it was to last till after Easter.

The hateful time was passed by our heroine in one long, unwearied fit of gloom and despondency; and in truth, the prospect, to one constituted like her, was none of the most blithsome and alluring,—since the slow progress of Mrs. Vernon's convalescence, interdicted all hope of public days and large companies and like the fair *frondeuse*, Mdme. de Longueville, our Hanover toast had lost her relish for innocent amusements. Books, work, music and exercise were alike, distasteful to her present mood of mind; by turns she moped and pouted—shed showers of tears, or murmured captiously at her hard fate in being thus banished from the round of men and merriment, that her late companions were rejoicing in and reigning over. At first her aunt only smiled at and rallied her upon her perverse hankering after dissipation while Patsey lamented, though she did not wonder at her friend's thorough inveteracy against every rational and dignified employment. She herself was naturally of a very lively turn; but her cultivated tastes and bookishness (as it went among the country ladies) enabled her upon occasion to be patient out of a crowd—and to enjoy herself less gayly, but, perhaps, to the full as much in converse with her mother and Shakspeare's individual creations, as amid the high circles and festivities of the metropolis itself. All this indifference in a young and pretty woman was incomprehensible to Hetty, who regarded her old play mate with amazement not devoid of anger—and whose thoughts were indeed in a state of too great and unhappy agitation to brook the ordeal of solitude and the odious introspection consequent to it. Not that they were totally without society at Vernon Hill; on the contrary, the neighborhood was rich and populous, with the usual compliment of gallant young men and sprightly girls—and both sexes disposed to pay due court to the excelling cousins. But in spite of social gatherings and impromptu dances, the utmost frolicking consistent with the weak state of the lady of the mansion—her young niece, with a head confused by doubts and apprehensions—and a heart divided between love and jealousy, appeared so restless and repining as to induce an offer from her aunt to send her back to Dalton-dale.—But this proposal, delightful as it was, she durst not accede to without the word of command from head quarters: so the consummate and celebrated flirt chose, as the alternative, to rouse herself and by way of keeping her hand in, to perpetrate a series of such captures as came within her reach.

And her *ennui* derived some small solace from the situation of Vernon Hill, which was public "past all parallel" with her native place, inasmuch as the busy little town of Newcastle, stood not merely in sight, but within a stone's throw of it. It was likewise, in itself, a [illegible] abode to those capable of appreciating the benefit of healthful and judicious occupation. The improvements consisted of two large and convenient houses which it had been originally designed to unite by a centre building with attics and out houses enough to give the premises the appearance of an irregular village. Its great boast, however, was the grounds, which, of considerable extent and in the highest state of cultivation, were extolled and bragged of in the county as much as the gardens of Versailles among the French. A falling garden, diversified with beds of rare flowers, laid off in diamonds, triangles and lozenges—squares of the finest turf, edged with box and interspersed with statues—two groves—the one of cherry, the other of antediluvian oaks, fragrant bowers and cabinets of verdure—and the wonder of a serpentine walk terminating in an octagon summer house, placed over an artificial grotto, whose sides, inlaid with shells and spar, and redolent of violets, blue bottles, crocuses

"And all the lowly children of the shade,"

with a clear spring bubbling out from the base of the cleft marble basin, and straying through moss, flowers, and sprays, fantastically tangled, formed a retreat fit to be the haunt of Egeria,—was bounded on three sides by the river Pamunkey—and on the fourth, separated from the lawn by a row of ancient cedars, shaped by the gardener's shears into the semblance of stately dames with their arms a-kimbo, and trellised beneath with a luxuriant screen of honey-suckle, eglantine and cowslip. The yard was surrounded with high-clipped hedges of yew, and shaded by lofty catalpha trees, the most admired of exotics, with a sun-dial on a low mound, overrun with periwinkle. There were, besides, a superb green, and hot houses—magnificent espaliers, and the most delicious wall-fruit ever met with out of the inaccessible garden in the fairy-tale of "*La Chatte Blanche*;" the whole kept with a nicety the more necessary, as many visitors came from a distance expressly to view the grounds so celebrated throughout the colony. During the life-time of the late Col. Lewis Vernon, his villa had been the favourite resort of the privileged orders—and more than one of the Royal Governors had condescended to grace a sort of *fête champêtre* there; but the inclination of his relict had, from the first, concurred with her widowhood in assuming and adhering to the sober state and regulated hospitality, incumbent, according to the antiquated etiquette, upon all in a similar state of bereavement. There was a fine library wherein she found her chief pastime and consolation; but the furniture, except in the article of carpets and china, displayed little or none of the pomp and grandeur usual to patrician residences.

Hetty cared little for the store of choice books—and still less for the hortular precincts, even had they been clad in the breathing beauty of fragrance of their full summer garniture. All she aimed at, was to divert herself with the male natives, who, stupid and uncouth as they seemed to her, after the exquisite ease and graceful complaisance of the matchless Rudolph, nevertheless, possessed in her eyes, the very competent merit of rendering due homage to her charms. But even here, she was exposed to interruption. To be sure, the beautiful *sæcreuse* of the vicinity still secluded herself a good deal in attendance upon her mother, but her right of sovereignty became not in the least impaired by this dutiful sequestration; she had only to appear among the eager beaux—and at once their ardent allegiance reverted to her as their liege and most lovely lady. Miss Dallas, whose appetite for indiscriminate admiration grew with what it fed on, could not tolerate even the abstraction of those natural tributes to the excellence of another; and at the distance of twenty miles, and after so short an interval, she longed for home as much as her brother, who had been roaming few years beyond the wide Atlantic. At last she hailed the epoch of deliverance, her five penitential weeks were at an end; and Hetty went back to the ancestral domain so fruitful in humble admirers and in the reminiscences of successive triumphs.

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Where, all this while, were the rival candidates for her favour? Boasting in the smiles and sweet looks of a high born bevy, each one of whom, bent upon discrediting every rumour of pre-engagement, coveted the style and title of Mrs. Nivison of Belhale, as the summit of matrimonial aggrandizement—and deemed it the most charming thing in the world to be the object of Cyprian Rudolph's fine speeches and tender nonsense; to say nothing of the immortality conferred by his poetical effusions, (for, gentle reader, in those dull days, since which the march of intellect has proceeded with such stupendous strides—a rhymester ranked in point of rarity with a phenix.) The son-in-law elect of our Hanover grandee—too far gone in love to take much interest in any of the fair anglers for his notice, soon withdrew himself from the contest, and left his foreign competitor to walk over the course. The wealthy inamorato, once more in his own county—was soon absorbed in the investigation and settlement of his affairs preparatory to the approaching event, which had so long occupied the thoughts of mercenary mammas and ambitious daughters, far more than his own. In May, he was to revisit Dalton-dale, and declare himself in form, his previous attendance there having been only preliminary, and in right of "the liberty of the house," duly requested of and gladly granted by Mr. Dallas. While he now made the tour of his extensive estates,—the accomplished but needy English man, travelling in an opposite direction, became a welcome guest at Shirley, Westover, Turkey Island, Clifton, and the numerous domicile of the gentry along the banks of James River,—and timed his turns so as to re-appear in Hanover as the herald of the opulent and acceptable low lander.

Before setting up his tabernacle for the present with the Dallases, he stopped for a few days at the homestead of a gentleman, *unique* among his class. Gen. Josiah Drew, a man of family and ample patrimony, was upwards of sixty, hale, hearty, and a humourist in every sense of that word. Distinguished for strong, natural sense and sterling integrity, the simplicity of his character and manners owed nothing to the refinements of education or fashion; on the contrary, he despised and sought to deracinate the whole system of artificial distinctions, and punctilious observance, unworthy, as he affirmed, of men and christians. Candour, however, compels us to confess that the freedom from forms and restraints inculcated by his example, tended less to reform than to rouse the spirit of social absurdity. Long reverenced as the patriarch of the patrician corps, he claimed the right to follow in all things the bent of his own inclination—and committed not merely with impunity but applause, all sorts of solecisms and outrages against the strict good breeding and fastidious propriety so generally cherished as inseparable from gentle lineage and degree. In [illegible] doors—he was apt to shelter himself under his privilege for its abuse rather than use. The general made it his boast never to have travelled ten miles off his own estate; and still no life had been spent less in retirement, for he "lived and moved and had his being" in the promiscuous assemblage, that made his spacious and old fashioned mansion a better kind of public house. The primitive and proverbial hospitality that greeted with scriptural frankness all new-comers, led the majority to overlook those eccentricities and deviations from decorum, too often neither polite nor pardonable; but there was a rough and racy good-humour—an abrupt and joyous sincerity about this ancient original, going far to prepossess and plead in his behalf. His lady, the daughter of a high governmental dignitary, offered that contrast to her husband, which Hymen seems to delight in often producing; being the most stiff and strait laced of dainty dames—and frowning in indignant reprobation upon the manifold vagaries and enormities of her homely partner. But, as often chances, he took a mischievous pleasure in provoking and defying her prim reproofs and demure yet severe disapproval, till at last, seeing that his unseemly aberrations were increased rather than curtailed by her lectures,—Mrs. Drew became, if not quite like her latitudinarian neighbours—more indulgent to the evil beyond her skill to correct. Her children, three daughters and as many sons—were happily married and settled around them; still the concourse of company continued, or indeed increased—as her husband, in answer to all remonstrances on the score of economy, inveighed against the niggardly nature that could seek to condemn him to loneliness in his old age.

Mr. Rudolph found near four score inmates at Fair Forest: every barn, granary and out-house accommodating its lodgers. The scene was one of obstreperous fun and deafening hilarity and the host's insatiable love of noise and whim, had abundant scope for display and exercise. For the extravagance of its boisterous conviviality—in the variety of its guests—and the total absence of all ceremony and restraint; in a word, in every respect, save the regularity and admirable arrangement of the household details, which proclaimed its mistress to be the queen of managers,—the establishment might have entered into comparison with Lord Barrymore's bacchanalian cottage at Wargrave. Liquor flowed night and day, like the stream of a perennial fountain—cards and dice circulated through the 24 hours; and the pranks of the roaring madcaps and their jovial entertainer, transcended the bounds of modern belief. Here, to his infinite surprise already excited, as he thought to the uttermost, the Englishman encountered Miss Vernon, who, if she had [illegible] greatly impressed him amid the gay [illegible] groups at Dalton-dale, now shone out like the Lady in Comus encircled by his fool ribald rout. With these sentiments, he made up to his "fair Valentine as he ventured to call her in allusion to their association on that saint's day," and she on her part reciprocated, not ungraciously, the preference; for though prompt to espy and to enjoy the ridiculous, she could not help contemplating the pranks and orgies of the general and his train of toss pots as little better than the want or wildness of Silenus and his band of satyrs. The high bred foreigner reaped the full benefit of the contrast so advantageous to him and he deemed it a rare piece of good fortune, which soon afterwards occurred to enhance his merit with the woman, whose favour he hoped after, purely because of the peculiarity of taste, which led her to deny it.

Mrs Drew, being not only a most exemplary woman but a near connexion of the deceased Col Vernon, his daughter came at the instance of her mother to spend as she had several times done a couple of days, with a good deal of diversion and perfect safety. For, though the boundless license arrogated by the general alarmed many a sensitive matron into shortening her visit—yet the fair Patsey and her fond guardian, while they avoided a long stay there, scrupled to hurt his feelings by keeping away entirely from a house, where the young lady was under the special protection of her near kinswoman. But her past experience of the freedom practised at Fair Forest, had not familiarized her with the extent to which it was frequently carried. Many of the first and fairest in the neighbourhood were now present there; and during the forepart of the day, the lord of the revels kept within reasonable limits. At dinner and such a repast would have gone far to excuse or indeed blot out, in the minds of the most precise—all the irregularities of its founder—he signalized himself by sundry escapades, and before rising from table, his broad jokes and gross banter, would have thrown the coarseness of Squire Western into the shade. His lady wife silent but not assenting—sat swelling with indignation, which caused her to ply her fan with great vehemence, in order to allay the heat into which she was thrown by her internal ferment; while the females, some of them looked sheepishly discountenanced and others thought proper to assume an air of extreme unconcern.—Leaving the table or the room was out of the question, as such an attempt would only have subjected them to pursuit, and the penalty of as many kisses as the imperative old gentleman might choose to exact.

Miss Vernon had begun to meditate making her escape, if possible, before dark; but a little reflection satisfied her of the impossibility of effecting such a *coup de main*, which was generally the work of days. Carriages were absolutely broken, drivers and harness locked up—horses carried off to remote hiding places—and every expedient put in practice by the company-loving host to detain his guests; and since she could do no better, the proud pet [illegible] as he was used to style her, was fain to endure what so perfectly disgusted her, in the hope of something occurring next day to facilitate her release. Indeed, except during meals, most of the gentle maidens contrived to keep out of the way of being shocked by the general's sins against delicacy and the dignity of their sex. The evening passed off pleasantly enough, and Patsey deemed herself secure in her custom of sleeping in a large closet within Mrs. Drew's bed chamber, and too near for to allow of any invasion on the part of her husband, who, though leaving her before a [illegible] full of strangers, whose decorum necessarily tied her tongue, shrunk into stillness and submission when exposed to the [illegible] of a curtain lecture. But access was not to be had to Miss Vernon's sanctuary, which was undergoing some necessary repairs,—and she was forced to take up her lodging with her companions of the day in a large chamber, which their careful hostess locked upon them, and took away the key "to make assurance doubly sure." It was late when the gay train retired; and yet as [illegible] the rose with young ladies just parted from their male adorers, they felt indisposed for sleep. Half or wholly undressed, they first discussed their various flirtations and [illegible] and then, in the exuberance of juvenile glee, laughed and pinched and pulled one another about, till a wild game of romps ensued—and their exclamations of frolick fright were overheard and answered. In the midst of their giddy and girlish play, the key was heard to turn in its ward—the door creaked on its hinges, and old general Drew, in a most grotesque disguise, tottered in; for though not actually drunk, he was in a state of happy elevation above the cares and formality of life.

"So, my pretty ones," he cried, securing the door, and planking himself in an attitude of mock majesty in the middle of the floor, "won't you be good natured and let an old friend help you in your sport. By my troth you're mighty mute and mum all at once," he continued, as the startled hoydens huddled up together in a corner, "after making such a noise as might arouse the dead to entice me in among you. Don't think to cheat me out of my share of the fun, for I promise you, you shan't.—Come, walk out, my little sweet-heart," and he caught hold of one noted as the Priscilla Tomboy of the circle, "and let you and I trip it a bit to set a good example to those faint hearted sober jades."

The young lady affected to resist, but resistance proved vain; in spite of, or rather the sooner for her negligee, she was forced, half laughing, half crying to yield to the rude handling of the despotic intruder, who, waxing warm in his unceremonious assault, proceeded from one to another of the terrified yet ticklish girls, who shrieked, struggled, and yet giggling, submitted to such an inquisition, as the purchaser might make into a Circassian in the slave market—but which was alike revolting to true modesty and manly decency. Six or eight had undergone what he called a "proper overhauling," accompanied by sundry caresses, which, to a married man of his venerable age, they conceived it idle to be squeamish about, ere he approached Miss Vernon with open a me and a coaxing tone. Fortunately on laying aside her finery, she had wrapped herself in a dressing gown—and now looked on in an excess of rage, sufficient to calm and concentrate her flittered energies. The enemy was on the point of touching her with his out stretched hand, when she bounded across the floor, and snatching up the heavy iron poker from the hearth, stood flushed and panting, yet ready for the attack. The general, not dreaming that she was in earnest, hardily advanced; she drew back with her weapon—not a very heroic but an efficient one—raised, and eying him with the scorn and defiance of a Penthesilea, bade him come closer at his peril and take the consequences.

"But one step nearer—lay but a finger on me in your unhallowed brutality and I strike, if the blow lays you dead at my feet. For shame! old man! grey in folly as in years—thus to insult the weak and helpless under your own roof! And are you ladies, women to humble yourselves to such; profanation?" and she glanced with an eye of fire on those, who, taking courage from her boldness, clustered about her. "Rally around me; I will protect you: and do you, Sir undo the door—or if screams can avail to give the alarm, I'll make my voice heard even to my own home. I have no father to call you to account—or you had not dared to venture thus."

These last words appealed to the generosity of their assaulter, who had intended nothing beyond a rude play often attempted and borne with by the highest and haughtiest damsels, who considered it scarce worth while to quarrel with and lose the favour of one, so popular as a match-maker general, for the pranks universally tolerated by reason of his years and many good qualities. But the high-minded Patsey held such usage to be no trifle.

"Hey-day! my smart lass!" exclaimed the baffled but not displeased general; "here's a deal to do about nothing! Yet, gad! I like your spirit, it warms my old blood. You're a chip of the old block—Lewis Vernon's true daughter. But stand aside, my coy charmer, take your own way, I'll make no quarrel with such an odd little termagant—but you shan't spoil my sport with these here willing ones."

"Forbear at your peril," she returned; "I won't stand by and witness such shameful doings: you shall not shock my eyes with a spectacle so utterly revolting. Young ladies! I call upon you in the name of common womanhood and modesty to join me. Help! help!"

And she uttered a shriek so piercing, that through all the hubbub and confusion pervading the riotous mansion, the sound reached the acute ears of Mrs. Drew—and summoned her, nothing backward to the rescue. She felt in her pocket and at once comprehended the case; for the key so carefully secured, was gone; like a ship scudding before the wind—her silks rustling and lappets streaming, she sailed towards the ladies' room, trembling quickening her into a fever of haste and fright. Mr. Rudolph, too, the only one of the male inmates, unused to and therefore attracted by, the outcry, hurried in the direction whence it came, and overtook the regular guardian of the peace and place; but ere either could lay a hand of assault upon the door, it burst violently open, and Miss Vernon, her eyes gleaming with the red lightning that the eagle flashes on its foes—her hair and dress disordered and her figure dilating under her aroused energy of action, was precipitated into the arms of Cyprian, expanded to break her fall. Mrs. Drew deigned not a word to the culprit-husband, who sneaked by her like a detected school boy before his awfully incensed pedagogue; but begging her affronted kins-woman to repair to her bed-chamber, she entered with many apologies and inquiries that, lately the scene of so much confusion.

Mr Rudolph, seeing the state of matters, likewise prepared to withdraw—but not before he had pressed his services upon the angry beauty (whom, with the true masculine passion for variety, he fancied a thousand times more fascinating in her agitation than ever,) with a humble abhorrence at such an outrageous profanation, a [illegible] to give her a high idea of his chivalrous respect for the softer sex. Having received her mandate to go early to Vernon Hill with a note to her mother, he bowed profoundly and retired.

Owing to his diligence, Miss Vernon was enabled to depart on the following day—and her assiduous esquire obtained leave to attend her on horse-back. The incident occasioned a general scattering of the ladies, for since Miss Vernon had seen fit to make such a superfluous fuss about a thing better hushed up and laughed at, it became a point of honour with the others not to be behind hand in it. The offending party saw them depart with perfect composure and indifference; being well assured that his popularity was too firmly established, to be shaken by such a puny breeze, and that they would all be glad enough to find their way back again, the first plausible chance. Her English escort, having restored the lovely Amazon, to the arms of her lady mother, took heed not to forfeit his privilege—and therefore trespassed but one night on their hospitality. The next day saw him resume his customary seat at the Dalton-dale dinner table.

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He found Hetty more beautiful because paler than before; for an excess of colour held, a smack of that robustness of health and habit purely plebeian, had been, more than once triumphantly alleged by the envious and the ugly in depreciation of her charms. And she herself could never look Miss Vernon in the face, without hating her for the transparency of that lily complexion faintly tinted at times with a roseate reflection, like that shining through the pellucid purity of a pearly sea shell. But now all comparative and disturbing ideas were lost in rapture at the re-appearance of her lover. After the mediocrity of the Vernon Hill set, and the recent [illegible] monotony of her own abode, this pink of foreign fashion and [illegible] comeliness burst upon her like Jupiter, in the full glory of his god-head, before the daring and dazzled Semele.—Amazed, enchanted, infatuated out of her senses, the rash girl no longer struggled against the headlong torrent of passion, engulphing reason, duty and reflection; and greatly to the displeasure of the politic Cyprian, laid herself and the secret of her heart open to the observation of the whole household. Mr. Dallas alone remained unconscious of what was so obvious to every body else; though his ignorance arose from no fault of Hetty's who pestered her lover with incessant petitions to enlighten him upon the subject without loss of time. Nothing could be farther from his present thought than such a step; for, deep in the confidence of his host, he had now learned that Miss Dallas was as good as contracted to Cary Nivison, who, himself in possession of a princely revenue, was full willing to overlook a slender dowry, for the sake of the exceeding beauty clung it at. This arrangement, befitting all parties, the wily fortune hunter had no intention of disturbing; though he was resolved to precede the disinterested bride-groom in the possession of his fair prize.

The situation of the young lady was truly pitiable. By nature and education alike exposed to error; without a friend or adviser to appeal to; for Mrs. Cluff, though doting upon this child of her nurture—considered fathers and husbands as delegated by heaven to rule womankind, and in her profound reverence for their sacred rights, would have shuddered at any opposition to them as downright blasphemy—overawed from communion with her only parent; indisposed to consult or confide in her rival cousin, and her brother severed from her by thousands of miles, she found herself hopelessly entangled in the toils spread for her by the machinations of his sex, of whom she was distractedly enamoured. Impressed by the predominating character of Rudolph with a sense of her inferiority to him—and her whole nature melted into yielding softness by the amalgamating process of that mighty chemist, love,—the divinity, [illegible] so proud and pre-eminent, to whom so many altars had been raised, and so much incense offered, had sunk to a mere fond girl, unable to contend with much less control the influence exercised over her. The result may be imagined rather than told.

If as philosophers have asserted, all happiness consists in being well deceived Cary Nivison who was now paying his court in the capacity of an accepted lover, was in the full enjoyment of it; for certainly he believed himself to be all in all to the adored beauty of Hanover. The genial month of May passed like a brief dream of Paradise; for Miss Dallas now too much afraid of Rudolph's reproofs to exhibit her real sentiments—and by turns caressing, capricious and courteous, was never cold nor constant to one mood; and the unpremeditation of her behaviour especially required excitement of this kind. In the gallant days of the *belle* [illegible] the lady's prerogative in such cases, was as unlimited and questionless as the Emperor of Russia's despotism. As long as she did not say them "*no*"—wooers were bound to bear all trials of temper and stability—and to allow her to take her own time in pronouncing the affirmative monosyllable, which crowned their hopes. Indeed the length of the probation was always in exact proportion to the rank and reputation of the maiden addressed; hence Mr. Dallas liked to see his daughter claim all proper space for conquering virgin coyness and pride. It was the [illegible] of July, therefore, ere she appointed—or rather had it done for her—the wedding day—and then only in consequence of an explosion of wrath, which shook throughout the mansion of the Dallases like the burst of a thunder-cloud. Partly in hopes that Nivison the rich, might learn the triumph gained over him in the affections of his mistress—and partly to rid himself of Hetty's overwhelming torrents of tears and importunities Mr. Rudolph opened a private audience, wherein after revealing the reciprocal attachment of Miss Dallas and himself, he besought the paternal blessing and approval of their union not received, as he expected and trusted, a most haughty and uncompromising refusal. The imprudent girl, whose amorous folly had authorized this piece of impertinence, was instantly summoned to her father's study; under the terror of that interview, acquiesced in all the stern [illegible] promulgated in a voice, which, like that proclaiming the decalogue to the awe struck Jews froze the blood in her veins, and commanding her to recant her undutiful and scandalous vows, and to prepare for the confirmation of those, binding her to the man of his choice. All was arranged for her speedy sacrifice; the law laid down to her upon every point and in tones "not loud but deep;" the curses and direful consequences attendant on her further disobedience emphatically amplified and insisted on.

By the most prompt concurrence in Mr Dallas's dismissal of him, and a voluntary pledge upon his word of honour, to communicate to no other human being the circumstance of the young lady's predilection in his favour, her Machiavelian lover completely mollified the resentment of his host, who, anxious to preserve matters on their present footing, and moreover, delighting in Rudolph's society, pressed him to prolong his stay at Dalton dale. Meanwhile, Hetty was directed to treat him as any other common acquaintance—and to observe towards her affianced husband such a demeanour as would redeem her past weakness in her own and her father's eyes. With that dissimulation, which had become in her a second nature, she had, under the first impulse of fright, firmly denied, when charged with it, any great partiality for Cyprian; he affected to shrug his shoulders and refer to the little matter between them as a mere flirtation—an unmeaning and customary compliment which in his time, he had idly offered to hundreds of her sex; and what with the address and artful representations of the two, the shallow and unsophisticated senior, whom they combined to delude, re-assured himself with the notion that the affair was of little or no importance—and arising in girlish inconsideration on the part of Hetty, and from the presumption of a moment, in the vain and handsome Englishman. He was, therefore, inclined to forgive both—though not to forget how strangely they had forgotten themselves.

In urging the application for her father's consent, Hetty had built her hopes high on the ground of that vast wealth and dignity so often insinuated by Cyprian at the commencement of their amour—and so implicitly credited by her. This plea solely designed to dazzle and impose on her vanity—and reconcile her to the crime of high treason against the paternal majesty, under the persuasion of achieving thereby a matrimonial fortune beyond their loftiest hopes,—he could not of course, bring forward as a part of his appeal to Mr. Dallas, since it was susceptible of immediate disproof—and would not be listened to for a moment, save by his inexperienced and love-sick dupe. Even she began to open her eyes in terror upon the startling truth that the man so deeply adored—so fond and yet so faithless had cheated her credulity, and now laughed at it. For in their first meeting, when she reproached his omission, and implored him to repair it by a full disclosure of his rank to the arbiter of her destiny, Rudolph, tired of wearing the mask, seized this opportunity to drop it—and avow what he styled his pious fraud, and excused by the maxim that "all's fair in love as in war." He could not, he protested, aspire to or attain a higher exaltation than was conferred on him in the title of her lover—except as the preferment alluded to in his dubious phrases, by which he meant the distinction of becoming her husband. There was no longer any hope of that beatitude; they were recalled from the realms of fairy land to the stern realities of middle earth; fate was against them—they must submit to her harsh decree and part.

While he spoke, the object of his atrocious deception, felt like one tossed and trembling amid the reeling commotion of an earthquake; creation seemed annihilated with a hideous crash—and gloom, as thick and black as that, brooding over the ancient chaos, sunk down on her spirit, as she heard him, so loved and trusted in, unfold his treachery, and ratify her doom. Still she durst not revile or complain of him; he preserved all his empire over her soul even while seeing its final destruction, and even now she doated on him with a double idolatry because of their early and inevitable separation. For Cyprian drugged the draught with such professions of intense and undying devotion—he so execrated his intolerable destiny and himself, and raved so vehemently at the thought of losing her forever, that Hetty subdued to utter oblivion of all the world besides—offered herself to forsake all and run off with him. Though the arch dissembler leard—and that without laughing outright, he could hardly be expected to approve of the childish proposal; yet was necessary to soothe and cajole the being in a state little short of frenzy: so with a thousand raptures acknowledging [illegible] he took a tender leave, promising the necessity of a short absence from Dalton-dale, and promising a speedy return to do all that she wished.

He departed accordingly—and left his hapless victim in such agonies as might move an angel fallen from to high sphere. She had stooped to folly—and found too late that man could betray. She was doubly undone by her own weakness and his villainy. As one, who, while wandering through a magic palace, lapped into ecstasy amid its gorgeous illusions and glittering shells, enhanced by immortal music and perfumes, sees all at once, the charm dissolved, and, in place of the false but shining show—a dismal wild, stretching interminably around, and enlivened only by the cold, gray glimmer of dawn—even so had been the operation of Rudolph's confession on our heroine's mind. She, at once, realized the fearful bearings of her situation if he proved less than true to his last word so solemnly plighted to her. But away with all it's! she would not doubt or dread—she could not degrade herself or him by suspicion of his honour. He was, he would be faithful unto death as true to her as the shadow to its substance—or the sun to his course, and she relied on him as devoutly as a Catholic on the aid and intercession of his patron saint. But how was she to act by Nivison? the loyal lover, the betrothed bridegroom, whom she now hated as severing her from Cyprian: and yet was compelled to cling to as her sole chance of salvation, should matters come to the worst. Prudence or more properly, cunning, the attribute of a corrupt female mind, urged a continuance of the good understanding between them, as a marriage with one or the other of her lovers, was indispensable: so the fair but false creature, so wronged herself, and careless of wronging another—kept up with infinite address the delusion of her fond intended, and fore-warned yet easy father. All her anxiety and all her aim were, how to avert the public disgrace, [illegible] waking—in company or alone, that [illegible] friend; and her's were the sensations of the Sicilian who crowned with roses, and enthroned in state at a royal banquet, beheld the sword of destruction suspended over his head by a single hair.

It is remarkable that all the anguish and alternations of feeling endured by Hetty in silence and concealment, produced no perceptible effect upon her bodily health. In fact the agitation and alarm of her mind was such as to absorb and deaden all the minor physical feelings; or to use the words of Hotspur, she "had not leisure to be sick." August, the period assigned for the completion of her misery, when like Iphigenia, she was to be offered up to an inexorable deity at the altar, was at hand, saw in the midst of her nuptial preparation and paraphernalia—and her time divided between despair, decoration, and dress-makers, her toilette and tears. And while her sleepless pillow was nightly deluged with the latter, she was forced all day to smile and talk and sing for company—or to reciprocate sighs and soft speeches with her elated bride groom. Mr. Dallas never renewed the subject of her late offence against propriety and his jurisdiction; but he evidently watched her with a weary eye above all, during her casual contact with Mr. Rudolph, among [illegible] certain schemes detained that gentleman at Dalton-dale, after being assured by its complaisant owner that every thing therein was at his service always, save and excepting the hand of his daughter.

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He was now sometime gone. Mr. Nivison, too, had departed, not to return till he came to take away his peerless bride. Miss Vernon, just arrived, was the only guest and a most unwelcome one, since she came and conducted herself in the capacity of bride maid. And Hetty was hardly better pleased to hear her mention the English favourite in terms of high commendation; for Patsey had been agreeably surprised and propitiated by his behaviour towards herself at Fair Forest. In another way her cousin's presence was a source of great aggravation and annoyance to Hetty, all whose artifice and management could hardly hope to come on [illegible] of another [illegible] and how shrewd a woman. It was now only a fortnight before her marriage; and in a paroxysm of impatience bordering on delirium—she looked and longed for her beloved deceiver. Like the captivated Israelites, in the morning she said—"would to God it were even!" and at even she said—"would to God it were morning!" She laid herself down with a half expressed prayer for Cyprian's appearance; and arose with a fervent ejaculation for that blessing hovering on her lips. At last it was granted; he came, and cordially greeted by the uncle and niece, seemed to his eager and adoring mistress, like

"An angel sent
To call her home from banishment!"

A private sign from him soon gave token of his wish to speak with her, and indicated the safest trysting place.—His look, his manner, while making this communication, struck a chill through her heart; and swayed in turn by expectation and deep despondency, she nerved herself for this last decisive interview. As the condemned wretch bears to his breast the delusive hope of life as a treasure impossible to part with so had Hetty cherished her dependence on the faith and devotion of Rudolph. To him she had surrendered herself up, body and soul on him she now leant in the belief that his seeming obduracy was intended as a trial of her constancy; and that even at the foot of the altar he would redeem her. But she built her castles not in the air but on a quicksand, every moment threatening to sink from beneath, and overwhelm them in its shifting whirl.

The time of meeting so ardently watched and waited for, had now arrived; her friend, her saviour, was ready and attending her: and yet she trembled alike to go or stay away. Her pulse of life seemed to stand still and make a pause—

"An awful pause, prophetic of her end."

The day had been hot and dim; the atmosphere was close and reeking as it with the sultry and stifling breath of the Simoom. Night had set in stormy and yet bright—the clouds all day floating in mid air, now collected in a huge, dense mass, long charged with thunder, in the west; whence they slowly spread over the heavens, the frequent lightning darted its blue, sulphurous gleams around in forked and quivering play.

"Like the pale courser's tail
The giant sword, to be bestrode by death,
As told in the Apocalypse."

and still in the east, "the moon—the inconstant moon" shone fitfully down, encircling the light fleecy edges of the coming storm; and casting her hallowed lustre over that quarter of the earth and sky. [illegible] breath, and with the stealthy step of [illegible] prey—Hetty, with a dark cloak thrown over her [illegible] flew along the path leading to the grave-yard, where as being the spot most secure from intrusion, Rudolph had given her rendezvous. It was near midnight, the fatal adventure.

"Heard the owl shriek and the cricket cry."

as she stole, shivering with trepidation, through the [illegible] and [illegible] feeling [illegible] night [illegible] afraid to look on either side, her little feet could hardly struggle through the rank matted grass, [illegible] that overgrew the [illegible] gasping [illegible] fat marble beside her grandmother's tomb, [illegible] in her white dress she was hardly discernible. [illegible] come by a superstitious panic [illegible] heart, and her soul [illegible] would [illegible] called her from the [illegible] ed her name.

"Oh! Cyprian!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms [illegible] the [illegible] of expectation [illegible] with you I know [illegible] and I shall be so happy and so thankful and strive so to make you happy too Cyprian."

"Father!" her lover answered in a deep grave tone, and hastily [illegible] her embrace—"Father, this is no time for [illegible] I come to speak the truth and you must hear it. We have loved each other, not wisely but too well; [illegible] discovery [illegible] You say that [illegible] happy together [illegible] you think Father, [illegible] splendid and followed by adulation [illegible] and even the winds of Heaven permitted to visit your cheek too roughly—all your wants and whims anticipated and waited on, if you chose it, by a hundred slaves; do you think that you could forsake all this—turn your back upon fortune and embrace poverty—dress, food, and sleep coarsely—hurry into want and obscurity from one place to another, without either tendance or respect, and yet be happy—happy simply because you were with me? Father, you mistake, or rather you are not yet awake. The change in your state could not but change your sentiments; you would look upon and loathe me as the cause of your humiliation—you would regret all that you had rashly left and lost: and I—how could I bear the consciousness of having brought you to this?"

"Cyprian," she replied, drooping her head and hiding that beautiful face now palely expressive as that of a magdalen, "have you not brought me to worse? to sin and shame and sorrow? and do I hate you? have I ever reproached you with it? No! Cyprian; come what may, poverty or riches, sickness or health—suffering or joy, life or death"—and she elevated her head, and raised her hands, "by yon chaste moon that I dare not look up to—I will love and serve you to my latest hour, and bless you, too, for doing me justice."

"Do yourself justice, my beloved girl," said her deluder persuasively, "your fate and a brilliant one it yet may be—is in your own hands. There is Nivison, young, rich and high born, loving you as well as ever man loved woman; he woos you, your father commands—I supplicate you to turn to him, and make me happy; happier by far than if I know my hand had dragged you down to misery and mortification. I am poor—loaded with debts, my love for you—what is it! but 'the desire of the moth for the star!' You have shone upon to bless me—but shall I now be blessed in hurling you down from your bright sphere to that of darkness and death? No! Father; think better of it."

"Darkness and death! we are in the midst of them, and Heaven knows how soon I may lie here too, except you hearken to me. I detest that Nivison; I have given myself to you; shall I add perjury to disobedience and folly! Oh! Cyprian! idol of my soul! have mercy on me, let us fly to the world's end if you will—through any dangers or difficulties that Heaven pleases, only let us live together and for one another; only make me your wife—your happy, humble wife; and all the past I'll forgive and forget. Cyprian! I intreat—I conjure you on my bended knees—by all your vows and my bitter agony, have pity upon me—have pity on the wretch you have ruined, and are about to forsake."

"Dearest Father! my love! my life! calm yourself—the paroxysm is frightful." And by a strong exertion, he unclasped her hands from around his knees, and raised her convulsed form. "You will go frantic or into fits. In God's name be patient—be yourself. We may be watched—we may be betrayed."

"Patient! can I be patient thus driven to chose between perjury or infamy? Cyprian! you no longer care for me; you could never have loved me, and yet oh! God! how have I loved you? You have forsworn yourself—and broken my heart. Think of all I have spurned and sacrificed for you—my father's favour, my own esteem—the good opinion of the world, my youth, my beauty, my honour; all, all are gone; gone, and given for you; and won't you do this little for me—this one thing that I have asked on my knees and that is so easy and plain, won't you, dear Cyprian? Oh! I'm sure you will; you mean it; say yes, say yes, or I shall go mad and kill myself for grief and shame."

"Well, be it so," said Rudolph, wearying of the scene, and quaking from apprehension of detection. "You force me to tell you—a horrid secret but a conclusive one. Father! dearest angel, pity and forgive your wretched lover. You ask for my hand; you think that I need persuasion to save myself and you from endless misery. Make you my wife! I would to God that I could but thus atone! but, Father! do not hate and curse me—what you ask is impossible; I am already tied; I have long been married!"

"Married!" shrieked the appalled victim—"married!" and she sprang like lightning from his arms and laughed a maniac laugh. "Then what means this? why did you invite me here to be your bride? And this such a fit night to celebrate our wedding. See the sharp streaks of lightning streaming around us for torches, the deep thunder rolling for our music—the dead around us for witnesses—this tomb the altar, and the grave our bridal bed. Oh! how merry and pleasant it would be! Cyprian! we are married, married in the sight of Heaven—but death comes to divorce us. Oh! God! my brain's on fire, it burns, it beats, it reels."

The last words were almost inarticulate: she sunk to the ground—and lay a moment lifeless. Rudolph inwardly rejoicing that the explanation was over—supported and succoured her by loosening her stays, and applying sal volatile, which he found in her pocket. She revived, she raised herself from his bosom—and the next moment, hiding her face there, sobbed and wept in a passion of tears, which probably saved her from raging madness. He endeavoured to sooth her with the fondest caresses and protestations; but she shrunk shuddering from his touch, and eagerly motioned him away.

"Go, leave me, here upon a tomb—the fit place for one you have doomed to despair and death. Go—I forgive you; but oh! Cyprian! though we part forever, do not cease to love me—do not forget your poor Hetty. Much as you have injured and deceived her—she can never love or lean upon any body else."

A slight and apparently proximate sound startled the guilty pair, it was the signal of their separation. Rudolph strained her to his breast—and the next moment, bounding [illegible] was lost in the thick foliage of some undergrowth. Hetty [illegible] the monument and listened like the timid hare in its ferny form; but though her auditory nerves were sharpened to the utmost by anxiety and apprehension—she listened in vain. The stillness continued undisturbed, save by occasional bursts of the electric flood, rending the murky clouds, and the large rain drops beginning to patter briskly down, she ventured to steal forth and hasten towards the house. She had reached and laid her hand upon the gate, when she heard quick and heavy footsteps, advancing upon her; she glanced back, expecting to see Rudolph by her side; but angels and ministers of grace avert his blasting presence! the tall figure and flushed and furious countenance of Cary Nivison met her eyes. No angry apparition or shadowy sprite let loose by the grave, "in church yard path to glide," could have so scared her sight and paralyzed her powers. With a stiff bow and in accents, where repressed rage contended with jeering formality, he addressed her.

"You are a late walker, Miss Dallas. May I be permitted to inquire though the question does seem superfluous in one so insignificant and so little regarded by you as myself the name of the gentleman you honour thus unseasonably?"

Had the fate of the universe hung upon one word from her lips, the person addressed could not have found tongue to utter it. She covered her face with her hands and like one about to receive sentence at the bar of the Eternal and Omniscient—leaned palsied by agony against one of the gate posts. Her posture of mute yet intense deprecation, apparently moved her outraged bridegroom; for he changed his tone to one less scornful, though more indignant.

"It is needless for me to say, Madam, that our connexion ends here. I disdain to reproach or betray you—much less to pry into your secrets. Account as you think fit to your worthy father and friends for our broken engagement; but let him distinctly understand, if you please, that the rupture originates with you. From this night I never put my foot on these premises again."

He seized her hand, and forcibly withdrew it from her features on which he gazed long [illegible] as if to discover some trait of vice or remorse defacing the exquisite outline; it was pale and agonized; her lips white and quivering; her eyes "lowed down with penetrative shame"; and yet the seraphic expression indelibly stamped there, defied his closest scrutiny.

"And this," said Nivison at length in a voice of deep emotion, "is the countenance of a wanton; thus the fair mask to such inward corruption; [illegible] rotten to the core. Oh! woman! woman! thus to belie the angel promise of that brow and eye."

He dropped the cold fingers, which his grasp had wrung so rudely; gulped down a sigh, deep enough to pass for a groan; and with another low obeisance of mock reverence opened the gate for her to pass through—adding as he did so with a return of his ironical emphasis,

"This agreeable meeting Madam, precludes the necessity of my keeping on to the house. I take my leave here with humble acknowledgements of the honour intended me by a maiden so pure and prudent; and wishing you a speedy and honourable union with the person, whom you've just been so modestly urging to that effect."

With these words he vanished; and Hetty no longer trembling, terrified and feeble, but every nerve strung to the highest tension by the extremity of despair, bold, free and forsaken as it seemed alike by God and man, hurried home in a state similar to that of Orpheus pursued by the Furies; gained her own chamber, and locking herself in, fell upon the floor, and lay there like one in a trance of convulsive epilepsy, till after the breakfast hour.

Long before she made her appearance among the family, Rudolph was gone, leaving his compliments and adieus for her. Her father and cousin regretted and eulogized him. Hetty seemed hardly to hear or heed what they said. And yet every word [illegible] like fire into her soul; a soul busy with the retrospection of guilt and hopelessness. Her virgin innocence, her lost fame, the scorn and contumely of the world, the shame of her friends, their rejection of her, Cary Nivison's contemptuous cancelling of their contract, above and dreaded by her beyond all, the wrath of her awful parent, all rushed upon her brain as if to madden it. Frenzy, not remorse, seized upon her mind whenever she gave full scope to solitary reflection; and she always thought and felt like one foredoomed to everlasting perdition. Even the outward aspect of nature seemed changed as much as herself. The blue cope of Heaven no longer bright and clear [illegible]

"Contracted bent into a dusky vault."

The "eloquent sun grew dim" and his beams shone pale and the moon [illegible] the still air was peopled with phantoms, and haunted with [illegible] a hideous light"; and in her perilous progress she was [illegible] impelled along a rugged path leading over tottering ground [illegible] and crumbled in behind the footsteps of the passenger—thus cut off from retreat and driven onward to the horrid precipice, over which he was to plunge into the abyss of destruction. And yet her looks and manner betrayed little or nothing of this fearful and desperate state. It is inconceivable what a weight of anguish and internal conflict, [illegible] the pangs of [illegible] her [illegible] with serenity on her brow and calmness in her manner; and how true it is of her that

"Many a withering thought lies hid not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most."

The Spartan boy suffering without the motion of a muscle, the gnawing of a fox at his vitals! [illegible] the actual illustration of her stern [illegible] endurance.

But not long did our wretched heroine continue to endure. The certainty of her complete criminality and degradation in the eyes of both her lovers; the sense of how she had been duped by one and disdained by the other, was too humiliating [illegible] She had tested all the joys of love; she had reposed herself upon masculine truth and honour [illegible] had proved

"Like Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
Yet turn to ashes on the lip."

She had been [illegible] she was deceived and forsaken; the [illegible] of neither alleviation or remedy; and she [illegible] of her weakness and her [illegible] her fate sealed. Had [illegible] the impulse, that urged her at times to throw herself upon the compassion of Patsey Vernon, some mitigation of her misery, however slight, would have attended the confidence; and taught her how to repent and expiate by living and suffering; but if the idea glanced across her mind, it was repelled as the mockery of a demon, seeking to aggravate her woes.

Neither her cousin nor Mr. Dallas surmised a tittle of the fatal truth—or of its effects upon the hopeless, helpless culprit. Both often thought her fretful and flurried; but it appeared natural enough for a timid young creature, not seventeen, to evince strong symptoms of discomposure, as the critical moment, on which was to turn the happiness or misery of her life, drew nigh,—and neither sought any other solution of her case. Her father, to be sure, had a vague recollection of her preference for his foreign favourite—but that he deemed a fancy past and forgotten—mere caprice, generated by idleness and opportunity. Her union with the Nansemond magnate, was a thing fixed as fate; and believing a woman's affections to be, from their light and fickle nature, transferable at pleasure, he made no doubt of Hetty's conformity with that practice. Nor did his niece dream of any disinclination to the match on the part of the bride elect. It is true each was somewhat occupied with their own affairs. Miss Vernon's thoughts dwelt with interest, the greater than she took in Hetty's change of state, on the return of her cousin Wilford, now soon expected. Next to her mother, she had ever loved him as the dearest of created beings and though the liking of thirteen for a lad four years older, is generally like the first blossoms of a forward spring, budding only to be blighted by the next day's frost,—yet in a bosom, so retentive of impressions as Patsey's, five years, while it made marvellous improvements in her person—left her heart pretty much the same; so that, except a manifest deterioration had taken place in the character and appearance of the travelled hero,—the chances were greatly in favour of her childish attachment being irrevocably confirmed. As it was, his image was certainly uppermost in her thoughts, which dwelt on the probability of their mutual recognition after such a lapse of time, and acquisition of height.

The lord of Dalton-dale, his proudest wishes for his daughter about to be realised—was engrossed in a bye-plan of felicity for himself—and inwardly resolved that if the charming Miss Page, one of Hetty's official attendants in the approaching solemnity—continued to look [illegible] at him, he would, disparity of age and prudence notwithstanding, presume to say a few explicit words to her. Thus feeling and thinking, and occupied, moreover, by the ten thousand cares and crosses, incident to a wedding or any other general entertainment (in the country especially) the father and cousin took but slight note of the alteration in Hetty's temper and spirits. As for the worthy Mrs. Cluff, the happiest and proudest of governantes—she was engaged, heart and soul, in the economy of the pantry, where, absorbed as entirely as Sir Isaac Newton, amid his mathematical abstractions, in clarifying jelly—producing the transparent golden pippin—turning pears purple, and all the refined minutiæ of a feast, the fame whereof, she was determined, should descend to the latest posterity—she might have heard the Archangel's trumpet blown, without being withdrawn from the mysteries around her.

The lady Joanna Armistead, who might have seen farther into the state of things, was unavoidably delayed till the eve of the ceremony, and so Miss Dallas escaped all sympathy and inquisition.

* * * * *

The feelings so played upon and lacerated, were destined to undergo a still ruder shock; and deceived, disgraced, and deserted, the fair desperado found that the bitterness of the draught was yet to come. A report, soon put into authentic shape, announced the English prodigy, the pattern and envy of every colonial coxcomb and courtier—the pet-prince of fashion and ladies' hearts, the renowned Cyprian Rudolph as the husband of some week's standing to Mrs. Hollis, of Rocky Mount. The marriage had been private,—for what reason was not rightly understood, and its publication was followed by the flight of the admired bride-groom with a large sum of ready money, which had probably been his temptation to the match—and which he had greatly augmented by the sale of some [illegible] property of value. This piece of news explained to the victim of [illegible] baseness, the real nature of his sentiments towards her, and the character of this modern Don Juan, who had robbed and run-away from the wife, taken out of mercenary motives, stood before her in its naked deformity. She had been the lover, oh! how fond and faithful, of a specious swindler—his paramour, his cast off dupe; he had treated her like the lowest and loosest of her sex—and that to gratify a mere gross and passing fancy, this was his disinterested and deathless passion—this the promised rank and reward of her complaisance. His name was become a by word of scoff and reproach, synonymous with knaving and infamy. And for this English outcast, this cold blooded hypocrite, the servile sycophant, this adder warmed to life and luxury in her bosom—she had given up all her high hopes, her bright prospects and natural friends,—and in place of being the happy bride of the first man in the country—she saw herself fooled, ruined, and abandoned by a worthless vagabond, who had, in all likelihood, told the tale of her shame and his triumph to the late Mrs. Hollis. Hetty was now alive to the full turpitude of her own conduct, and determined to avenge herself on her unpardonable folly by an act of retributive justice. Her madness was goaded on by the comments of her father and cousin; the former of whom, ashamed of having patronised the delinquent—now, justified his own penetration by reviling him without measure—and the latter inclined to exult in Cyprian's exposure as the establishment of her original prejudice against him; so while Hetty writhed and almost raved under the torture, the two continued to

"Name him before her
A knell to her ear."

On the fourth evening after the final scene in the grave yard, the trio sat together in a side parlour, where the family supped occasionally. Mr Dallas, in high good humour for the following day, was, without fail, to bring the bride groom, laughed and joked, and after complimenting the young ladies, delivered himself with especial eloquence, on the bliss of a connubial connexion. He and Miss Vernon kept up the conversation, for Hetty was restless and savage as a wild animal under the influence of an atmospheric change. At first her moody manner was not remarked, but after a while, her father, sensible of, but too much pleased to chide her for it, sent her to do penance by making music for them; she was told to play a particular love-song, addressed by her minion (as the appointer of the punishment, laughingly called Rudolph) to a celebrated lowland toast; and beginning

"Oh! my lovely Nancy, can you cruelly slight
The swain, who is wretched, when banish'd your sight?"

Hetty rose and went to the harpsichord, which stood open, for her cousin had been trying some new music by Corelli, the Rosario of that age. She sat down and mechanically as the chimes of a hand-organ began to play the "Italian jig," but after a few bars, the light lively air gradually glided into a minor, deep, slow and solemn as a funeral dirge.

"Why, girl," exclaimed Mr. Dallas, "what ails your tripping fingers? that when I ask for a merry marriage song, they give me that dull dismal *penseroso*, that sounds like a tolling bell. I wonder you hadn't begun with the Dead March in Saul at once." Immediately the fair musician, without pause or answer, struck up that ominous burial strain; her auditors exchanged looks of surprised interrogatory.

"Don't put me in a passion, Hetty," said the fond but startled parent, "I tell you, I'll have none of these doleful and sentimental affectations. Play me what I like without more ado—and that shall be, 'come haste to the wedding,'—or instead of a week's grace, I'll have you married [illegible] young very gets into the house."

The name of her bridegroom produced a start and an astounding discord, that jarred on the paternal nerves as sensitive as those of Mozart; and in place of obeying the wishes thrice expressed, Miss Dallas continued her performance in tones dark, stern and terrific; any of Beethoven's most tragic inspirations, they sounded like the shrieks of super human despair or the very groans of maniac music, wild, woful and unearthly as were the notes, they yet breathed a strange and pathetic melody, to which her companions sat listening in astonishment not unmixed with awe; for such a measure was totally alien from Hetty's musical taste and past practicings. Long afterwards did that sad and wailing strain haunt the ears and heart of Miss Vernon, when events had fully explained its fatal import.

Suddenly the melancholy minstrel, started from her chair and approaching Mr. Dallas, whose looks were bent inquiringly on her motions, knelt down before him. "Father!" she said in low but distinct and thrilling accents—"father! you have never yet given me your blessing. Bless me now, even me, oh! my father, and I shall this night sleep so well and so long."

She raised her deep blue eyes to his face, no tear twinkled on their snowy lids—but their glance was fraught with an expression so earnest, so piteous and remarkable, as to cause that unwonted evidence of the melting mood to moisten her father's cheek; while Patsey, penetrated and perplexed, began to have doubts of her sanity. The softened sire laid his hand on the head of the kneeling girl, where it lay almost buried in the redundancy of her golden curls, and with faltering but impressive voice, pronounced his benediction. "Bless thee my child, from this day forth, now and forever! Be thou blessed in name and fame in thy married, as in thy virgin days—here and in thy husband's house; and during a long and happy union may his heart safely trust in thee even as mine has done."

"Amen!" responded Miss Vernon; for Hetty said nothing; she sprung up abruptly ere Mr Dallas had well nigh uttered the benison she craved—and stood for a moment still gazing intently on him. "What is the matter with you my dear coz," asked Patsey, drawing near and taking her damp and reluctant hand. "You look and tremble as if an ague fit was upon you. Do, say what is the matter."

"Nothing," was the petulant and hurried reply, "nothing. What have I said or done to make you suspect me? I am tired and drowsy; that is all; but my father has given me his blessing; and now to bed—to bed!" And lighting her candle, she hastened away, without giving the usual night to either—and before the precise master of the mansion could speak in reproof of such unheard of ill manners.

"Shall I follow her, uncle?" inquired Miss Vernon. "Something serious ails her I'm sure. I had better go and send Mrs. Cluff to coax her into taking a warm draught." "Stay—stay—do no such thing," said the person appealed to. "Hetty is flurried and agitated at the thoughts of seeing Nivison, who is no great favourite of her's, though he'll make her an excellent husband—and she has had rare luck to get him. No! no! let her go to bed and sleep off these silly airs, which young ladies are apt to fancy so becoming; and do you put down your knitting, and like a good girl, come and let me beat you at rubicon."

The game began accordingly; but Patsey's thoughts refused to engage in it; they were running upon the portentous change all at once occurring in her, as marking, of late, her cousin's mien; especially on her recent singular behaviour. Thoroughly was her adversary's patience tasked by the absent manner and innumerable blunders so different from her usual attention and skill at play; and he soon broke up the party in high dudgeon, declaring that his niece was as tiresome and ridiculous, as if she were going to be married herself instead of Hetty. In the abstraction of her mind, the object of his reproachful raillery, scarce heard it; and the same strain of disquieting ideas continued to pursue her after she found herself in her own room and undressed for the night. Hetty's fluctuating moods of late, her fits of peevishness and reserve succeeded by studied and overacted fondness for her father and her friend; her propensity to solitude and night strolls; her artful avoidance of the eye and companionship of one, who had been hitherto her second self—and the agitation almost amounting to agony, which she had displayed that very night—all flashed across the mind of her affectionate kinswoman—and filled her with an alarm, vague but intense. Patsey felt oppressed, overcome, powerless—like one, who feels and shudders at a coming

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NEIL'S—No. 10.

Squibb. To Sir Oracle, and Fustian, who appear occupied in peering over the tinsels, and to have been the spectators of the several jocose merry celebrations of the night of Sam.

Gentlemen, we have been very negligent of late—Neil declares with a frown smoaking somewhat of his profaneness, that our late proceedings have proved as equal as the rumings of his Poughkeepsie!

Fustian. And as stale as Birch's wit—Eh, Squibb?

Squibb. He further deposes that unless you are more regular in your attendance, he will have to decline the receipt of the extra cash,—which some you have held your wings at his house, he has found barely sufficient to answer your demands. Now, he does not find the consumption per week sufficiently great to warrant a continuance.

Sir Oracle. Did you note, Fustian, how patronizing John looked as we entered but the moment he observed Squibb's handsome phiz, as that worthy crossed the threshold, his brow relaxed from its rigidity, and his eye became relumed with the usual liard expression. You are evidently a favourite, Squibb!

Squibb. Nothing more than the crumbs, which Neil bestows upon me, through his sense of the superior merits of my colleagues. I had half disposed to strike for a more equal quota.

Fustian. That may be easily effected. Call in three glasses—*pay for them now*, and liquidate the amount scored against you. Do this, and *enter host of the Bear* will be with you, to the death, despite your prepossessing to rail at the sappy flavor of his ale.

Squibb. Amiable advice! will you do me the favour to explain those chalk marks which grace you door, ambiguously surrounded with an "Eye" I may read them—I should say that John had been of tener called upon to add to the number that Ned has thought in accordance with his opinion of you as "*Hymen sublimis fide.*"

Sir Oracle. "When Greek meets Greek &c."—Gentlemen, I would advise that boozifiers be suspended, and as a punishment for your violation of the harmony of the club, I award, that you Squibb, call in three glasses of ale, and that Fustian pay for them.

Fustian. Shame upon such a verdict—have you forgotten that "cracks" have fallen—think of my wife and children!

Squibb. I will thank you, Sir Oracle, to search that hell—John, across Poughkeepsie—charge it to Fustian. Nay, look not so doubtingly—I will be his security for the amount. But mind, thou drawer of corks, for this night only—no longer.

Fustian. Security! you—

Squibb. How admirably our relative situations are adapted to the beautiful scenes of the western hemisphere, who notified the public of the loss of his lovely consort, in the following impassioned strain, which I will somewhat pervert to suit the present exigency.

"This is all persons to forewarn
They must not Fustian trust,
To the amount of one cent,
Or lose it all, they must."

John, bear this in mind—Fustian, your health!

Fustian. What a mad cap you are—one would almost be tempted to believe that you had been under the medical care of the Thomsonians, and lost your wits in the steam bath.

Sir Oracle. Rather say—enfeebled in the nervous, became a quack himself—and in lieu of common sense learned the art of compounding quack medicines.

Fustian. Nay! we will not be so severe as to suppose him such an egregious ass.

Squibb. I thank you Fustian—for I assure you I have no wish to be considered a member of that learned body.

Fustian. The *os os*, or Thomsonians?

Squibb. Squills and Cherybids!

Sir Oracle. It strikes me you are jocular—

Squibb. For heaven's sake! Let nothing strike you, we have heard of so many lately that

"My ear is pained—my very soul is sad,
With every day's report of *strike*."

Sir Oracle. Why it cannot certainly be, that you, who have ever manifested a disposition to compromising humility against oppression, and professed so much love for the people, and their interests; you, are not opposed to the late measures of the working men.

Squibb. I am not against their measures—but the mode in which they effected their purpose—methinks they would have gained their ends more effectually, and certainly with less opposition, had they pursued a less noisy course.

Fustian. There was nothing turbulent in their proceedings, on the contrary, every thing was conducted with harmony and unanimity.

Squibb. There is no doubt as to their unanimity, if we may so term the *unanimous* opinion of that characterized their proceedings. But I conceive that their parade in marching through the streets was ill calculated to excite feelings of ill will in the minds of their employers; not from motives of reluctance to grant the strikers, their wishes, but from disclosure, at the violent, and abrupt tone in which their demand was preferred.

Sir Oracle. Could they otherwise have affected their purpose?

Squibb. Undoubtedly—we have a confirmation of the fact in the resolutions passed by those employing trades, whose journeymen instead of quietly assembling in the public parlors—repaired in a body to their employers, and were met at once, with prompt redress.

Fustian. They had the strikes in view, and knew that unless they did comply, their men would follow the same course.

Squibb. On conversing with several master carpenters and masons, whose journeymen *turned out*, I have learned that as soon as they understood that a strike was in contemplation—they stated their willingness to accede to the terms demanded, and advised their men not to lay aside their business—as they were willing to give the advance of wages and time asked.

Sir Oracle. Yet had the journeymen complied, they would have been deviating from the general interest, which requires, that a popular measure to succeed, must be simultaneous and united. Had these individuals acted as a body with their employers wishes, they would have left the majority to struggle with the whole weight of the opposition, and found themselves in the end obliged to resume their original position.

Squibb. Your view of the case is a strange one, truly. They would not only have gained their own ends, but proved a precedent for the reluctant employers of their craft. These latter, when they saw how their brethren had acted would be forced to co-operate, and the journeymen could have gone through their revolutions, without employing a single minute of their hour. But no! By adopting this course, they would not have been afforded an opportunity of showing their independence, and taxing their employers powers of sufferance, and to do this, they must parade along our streets, ingulfing their own cause. The business of their employers—and all, to gain—what?

Fustian. A triumph over an enslaving system, which had held down its victims to, almost slavery, giving them in return but perseverance, and industry, a mere subsistance, totally crushing the expense of many expensive of a rising family—at enable them to rise beyond the situation of a drudge. Mechanical tools, at best, they could see nothing in the perspective, but toil, without the cheering consolation of having reared their offspring to occupy a station in life with, to weather the storms of adversity,—coming age—and the many incidental crosses of a poor man's career. They have gained a glorious triumph!

Sir Oracle. They have indeed—and I am confident, there is too much philanthropy existing in the minds of the employing mechanics, generally, to allow the supposition that when they find the good effects of the revised system, they will attempt to thwart its successful continuance. It was remarked in the City Council a some time since, by an editorial member of the Corporation, that he believed a laborer would do as much in ten hours under the present arrangement, as they formerly did in twelve. The remark was in accordance with his thorough knowledge of mankind; it is one in which I fully concur, and it will also hold on the question of an advance of wages. It serves as a powerful stimulant. There, have I my with Fustian, it is a triumph, not of a mob seeking a revolution from unworthy motives—but of a large, and respectable number of our fellow citizens—who have felt the ill effects of a system which, from its harshness of feature, drove them to wrest from their employers terms, which should have been voluntarily accorded them.

Squibb. It is recorded of Pyrrhus of Epirus that after a severe contest with the Romans, where he proved conqueror, he exclaimed:—"Another such a victory, and I am undone"—and I take it that the triumph of the strikes will prove similar in its result. Many of them already see the dangers of their position.

Sir Oracle. Ay, indeed! Will you explain.

Fustian. Rather a difficult task, I assure Squibb!

Squibb. By no means—on the contrary it is so apparent that I am astonished you have not considered it before. For instance—can we suppose, that a building which cost us so much additional to erect it, will rent at as moderate terms as though it was built at the old prices. The builder expended more capital—he will require a rent sufficient to liquidate his additional disbursements. And the mechanic will discover his own rule, that the very important item of rent is proportionately increased.

Sir Oracle. There is much truth in your argument, and I confess that it bears heavily upon the contra advantages.

Fustian. This is an individual case only.

Squibb. And yet it forms but one link of an extended chain of the same nature. The shoemaker, pays more for his leather, and to his workmen—ergo, he must charge more for his articles. The *strike* may not purchase a cord of hoop without paying more for hoops it brought to his door. The sawyer struck also, he may not receive an additional price for his services. Turn which way you will, the effects of the strike are obvious and galling. Chancing to step into a printing office some few days back, I was amused with the remark of a pert "devil" who complained that since the strike, crackers or biscuit, had risen one cent per pound. "We must strike for more money for establishes while working at nights," said the urchin.—"Our Boss should recollect the rise on crackers, and when he pays us, let the dairy maids will strike, and then we shall have to pay more for cheese."

Sir Oracle. The end of all this will be, you think, that the times will be harmonized to the change.

Squibb. Things will regulate themselves. The operative will receive more money for his services, but it will be filtered through channels unknown before—and when he comes to settle his personal expenses he will find that he has not been in any wise, the gainer. Instead of advancing his interests, he will stand as he did before the strike.

Fustian. The reasoning I conceive to be just, and I regret that it is so—as I do not think the original mode of procuring a sufficient payment for the service the operative has to perform.

Squibb. On that hand, I am with you. But there can be no remedy—as long as self interest prove the secondary principle—not only of the employer, but the employed.

Fustian. Yet you confess the operatives for supposing their interests, to the same principle, as manifested by their employers.

Squibb. Did they advance their interests by so doing? Were they not aware from the aspect of the times, and the rates of prices, as given—from the buying a brick to the building a house—that a revolution could not be safely effected. Did the female working cleaners gain any thing? They indeed deserved all, ay! more than they asked, yet with them their very weakness was the cause of their defeat; with the journeymen, the strength developed produced the same result. But, a truce to the subject. How passed you the 4th, Sir Oracle?

Sir Oracle. In Delaware county, among old associates.

Squibb. And you, Fustian?

Fustian. Why—shem—really—I played ten-pins for want of some more profitable business—it is a day that always hangs heavily with me. As to you Squibb, I suppose you spent it at some one of the public dinners. Did you give a toast? and did the proxy Col. in the clear cry out—" Mr. Squibb's toast to be drank standing."

Squibb. I neither passed it in wine bibbing or gambling. Think me not personal, in saying that I have too much regard for the day, and its recollections, to had it with the enthusiasm of a bacchante, or wear it away in playing ten-pins.

Fustian. Well, well—enough on that subject—I would rather hear you relate your experience.

Squibb. The first explosion of *hey patriotism* as it came up to my window, caused me to give Morpheus the "go by," and push heavily to the foot of Chestnut street. Once on my way to Burlington, I felt satisfied and took things coolly until I found myself leisurely reclining under an old walnut, in the vicinity of Springfield, discussing the price of lands, the probable value of the harvest, &c. &c., with a patriarchal old Quaker, who has the misfortune to call me,—nephew. So passed the 4th and 5th. On the 6th *Squibb* was again the slave of his profession.

Saturday Evening Post.

JULY 25, 1835.

☞ We have received a letter from our travelling friend, post marked Utica, but too late for insertion this week. It will appear next week.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Journal of the Franklin Institute for July has made its appearance and contains its usual variety of interesting matter, useful to manufacturers and utilitarians. Its prolific notices of new *patents* average the usual number (about 60 per month) and proves the American people to be the most inventive in the world. We propose for once to give the titles of the patents, they may interest some of our readers. "A Screw for propelling Canal and other Boats: Sawmill Dogs: an Improvement on Movable Seats: machine for sifting and cleaning Grain: a Spring Carry-All: machine for Moulding Brick: machine for pressing Brick: for manufacturing Wrought nails and spikes: for Doubling, Twisting, Reeling, &c: for making Pitch from gas refuse: Circular Tenter Bars: an Improvement in Fire-places and Stoves: Rail Road Tracks and Wheels: a Side Saddle: the application of Caoutchouc to the Ropes used in Dragging Canon Inclined Planes, &c.: a press for Cotton, Hay &c.: a machine for removing weights, and Loosing and unloading Boats, &c.: a Mortising Machine: machines for Roping Cotton, &c.: for an *Easy Chair*: Improvement in Construction of Bedsteads: a Thrashing Machine: for Smelting Iron Ore with Anthracite Coal: a Machine for Shelling Corn: a Cooking Stove: Stone Hammers: a Lath Machine: Improved Lay of the Power Loom: a Washing Machine: a Machine for Planting and Covering Corn: Machine for dressing Staves: an Improvement in Oven: for Manufacturing Sheet and Boiler Iron: Improvement in Manufacturing Scythes: a thrashing Machine: an Oven: Machine for Rolling and Breaking cotton Seed: Machine for making Wrought Nails, Tacks, and Spikes: for a mode of do.: Apparatus fo Applying, Abstracting and Conducting Heat: a Brin Machine: Machine for Cutting Grass and Grain Bellows for Furnaces and Forges: a Straw Cutter: a Corn Sheller: a Cheese Curd Cutter: a Machine for Dressing Manilla Hemp, &c.: an Improvement in the Stomach Pump, Cupping Instrument and Breast Pump: Machine for Splitting Palm Leaves: Machine for Planing and Matching Boards: a Flaring Machine: a Safety Lock; Lathe for turning Logs, Bent-tree &c.: Rounding Stones &c.: Cutting Screw Threads: Rending Wheel Tire and Setting Carriage Springs: a Washing Machine: Steel Carriage Springs: Machine for Moulding Bricks: a Clap Board Machine: Horse Power, &c."

Each month the Journal contains descriptions of multitudinous patents, which we should judge would be useful to inventors, as they might learn by it that some of their principles have been invented frequently before.

ANNE GRAY. *A novel, Edited by the author of "Quakhy."—Philadelphia, Carey Lea & Blanchard.*

This is the reprint of a new English fiction. The Editor in his preface, says, "I am permitted to state that this is a first publication, and that it is the work of a female hand, but I do not mention these things with a view to deprecate criticism."

The work, as we have glanced through it, appears to be well written, and abounds, occasionally, in amusing sketches, and humorous delineations of character. We may probably review it at again.

POETRY OF THE REV. C. C. COLTON.—A volume of poetry has lately been published in London, entitled "*Modern Antiquity, and other Poems.*" They are the productions of the late Rev. C. C. Colton, the celebrated author of "*Lacon*," and one of the most unfortunate and eccentric men of his age. His *laconics* are unsurpassed, but his poetry does not appear to meet with the same degree of public favor. We subjoin a fragment, which is said to be one of the best in the volume.

"We, that on these days are thrown,
Must be the oldest Ancients known;
The earliest, modern Earth hath seen,
Was Adam,—in his apron green.

He lived when young Creation pealed
Her morning hymn o'er flood and field,
Till all her infant offspring came
To that great christening for a name.

While Earth, a virgin then, read
His gentle tool without a spade,
And, decked in flowers, danced the plough
To trace a wrinkle on her brow.

Then in his teens, a stripling blithe,
Time worked his wing, but not his scythe,
His leisure, pleasure—his employ
To ripen beauty—not destroy.

Unvoked by science to the sail,
Young zephyrs sported in the gale,
Or wantoned with the pecund wave,—
A truant then, but since a slave.

The youthful Sun with bridal smile,
Kissed ocean—continent—and isle."

FANNY KEMBLE'S BOOK.—The Americans have not been slow in denouncing the Journal of Mrs. Butler. A late number of the London Literary Gazette, contains the following appropriate remarks in relation to this savage and *unlady like* production.

"The work before us is deformed by graver faults than such youthful imprudence and FEMALE INEXPERIENCE can excuse. There are a *flippancy* and VULGARITY about it which surprise us the more, coming from such a source; a presumption, and a *lack of the finer and higher qualities* which *adorn the female character*, which is vexatious to contemplate in one so gifted."

The London Athenæum pronounces a similar verdict.

"It turns out to be one of the most deplorable exhibitions of *vulgar thinking and vulgar expression that it ever was our lot to encounter*. The insane desire of being thought one who *thought alone*, combined with a love of every mischief, has, we apprehend, betrayed Mrs. Butler into a book, which she herself, in a short time, and which all her friends at once will wish, had never seen the light."

It is probable, from all accounts, that Sheridan Knowles, who left this country in high dudgeon, will Fanny Kemble us in the course of a few months.—Our next advices from Murray will, it is likely, confirm the rumour.

THE BRETHREN.—A Tale of The Fronde.—New York:—Harper and Brothers. This is a novel of more than ordinary merit. We read it attentively, from the alpha to the omega, which is more than we can say of any similar work which has lately been published. It is understood that Mr. Herbert, one of the editors of the New York American Monthly Magazine, is the author, and if he had not acquired an enviable reputation by his contributions to that excellent periodical, it would at once have been secured to him by the publication of "*The Brethren.*"

The work in question, is one of the deepest interest. The plot is a good one, and its denouement such as to give pleasure to every reader. Isabella, the heroine, is a character which we particularly admire. She is one of those warm and resolute, yet gentle and devoted beings, which every lady must love. The author has succeeded admirably in the delineation of her character; he has given us a portrait which shows that he is well acquainted with the female heart, and knows how to appreciate its worth. The interview between her and the hero after he had rescued her from her enemies, would do credit to the pen of Bulwer himself. We hope Mr. Herbert will soon favor us with another of his productions, for we feel assured that his success would be certain:—We subjoin a sketch as a specimen of the author's powers.

"It was, as I have said, well nigh eight o'clock, when, drawing off my regiments, I mounted a fresh horse, the third I had used out since the dawn, and galloped at a turnout across the now lonely battle field.

It is a mournful, ay, and a self-deluding sight, a recent battle field. The cold and senseless dead—charger, and he who reigns him—unstretched side by side, in the long sleep they knows no earthly waking! The miserable wounded wretches, groaning and struggling in their grea agony! The very instruments of rescue, and the standards, that lent their pality and to make the bayer wear a glorious seeming, broken and excoriate, torn and gory! The very weapons, and monsters of the carnage, still reeking with the red witness, though no longer wielded by the strong hand, at the bidding of the high heart! It a man can look unmoved on such a sight, assisted by the consciousness that he himself has edged the blade of the immortal Avenger—that his intellect has been perverted, his hand turned aside from its legitimate purpose of benevolence and mutual good, to the destruction, the temporal, ay, and perchance the eternal destruction of his fellow-sinners—I he can look upon this sight, can grapple with his thought, and doing so, feel no remorse, or feel *yours*, he is no man! Oh, conquerors! conquerors! ye have been called the scourges of a God; but it is at the instigation of a devil!

As I rode fiercely across the weltering field, such were my self accusing reveries, I felt the sin of murder on my soul. For what had I or mine of accusation against them, that I should wield the blade of extermination, weaponing, as it were, the will of others against men innocent to me! I felt though some deep and sudden desolation would be hurled upon my head for the deed. I hearied, in the feeble wailings that loaded the slaughter-tainted air, the muttering of the vengeful thunder! "Never, never again," I cried aloud, in the vehemence of my over-excited spirit—"never again, O Sword! shalt thou leap from thy scabbard, save to do battle for the feeble, and to strike against the tyrant! Never shalt thou bleed in the rush of battle, unless it be on English ground, and in the cause of England! Thy fight is fought; thy prize is won! Grant it—oh grant it, Thou whom I have on this day so grievously offended—grant it, Eternal Ruler and Creator, that not in sin I may be punished for this foul commission!"

"Stand, ho! Stand, or I shoot!" I was interrupted in my wild soliloquy by the fierce challenge of a sleepy sentinel, and the rattle of his heavy arquebuses, as he levelled it upon the ton.

A friend, ho! A friend and officer. The word is Victory. Good night!" And, without checking or swerving from my gallop, I dashed by the astounded soldier without heeding the salute with which he atoned for the abruptness of his challenge. But the incident brought down my spirit from its soarings, to that which was immediately before me, without shrinking from or shunning the thoughts that had suggested themselves. I soon was able to appease them by the reflection that, if the victims were innocent of individual wrong, they were not so in leading themselves as tools and instruments of havoc to the guilty great, to the ambitious and needy adventurer—that rebellion against a lawful ruler, and without a lawful cause, is sin—that I, whatever might be the mortal self accusation of the moment, had been striving in the cause which I deemed honest; and was, if guilty, guilty of misapprehension only, not of stubbornness or willful wrong.

The scene, too, harmonized with my change of feelings; it was now bright and pleasant. The month was that sweetest of the year, young April; and as the winter had been of unusual severity and gloom, so had the opening of the spring been early and most genial. The woods were bursting into the tender verdure peculiar to the season; the herbage was already deep and richly fragrant. The country through which I rode, indicating and of exceeding beauty; and over all a brilliant moon was pouring that flood of sweet and tranquil lustre which, so much lovelier than the glare of the day light, softens every asperity of nature, and, making its very shadows soft and hoary, acts as a gauzy veil to the features of a veiled beauty, rendering that is unlovely, and charming the eye in proportion as it excites the fancy.

No painter's glance or poet's heart could have selected a more lovely or romantic spot than that which chance had selected for our rude encampment. It was a long and narrow glade, stretching gently and softly into a wide stretch of fertile meadow land, through which a broad rivulet lingered, as though its nymph were enamoured of some neighboring lawn or sylvan, and were therefore loath to quit his beautiful abodes. A shadowy wood on either hand, and frequent clumps of forest trees—still bare and leafless, or at the most in early bud, but interspersed with the fresh foliage of the willow and the hazel—spotting the hill-side, gave a park-like air to the untrimmed scenery. Along the summit of the hill, and through the imperfect screen of the wood-land, hundreds of white tents were glimmering in the moonlight; while here and there the rays (broke back,) a keen reflection from the cuirasses of the sentinels, or from the ruby glow of some terrourful fire.—The sounds, too, which floated on the night air, were blended and harmonized into sweetness by the effect of distance. The hum of voices, the merry laugh, the quaint song of the campaigner—hoarse, doubtless, and indelicate from a nearer hearing—came pleasantly on the ear, and which mingled with the hooting of the owls, crying to each other, like answered sentinels, from their woody retreats; and with the remoter bark, long of the household dog.

It is the peculiarity of such a scene and time to soften and subdue the soul, to win it from the storm and strife of humanity, to attune it to holier thoughts, to render it pensive, affectionate, and melancholy; and, if disturbed, most my spirit were not present to these, they were not at least, widely or incongruously different. From latter anxiety concerning the future, and jealous doubtings of my own purity of deed and purpose, I fell into a confiding and a peaceful mood of hope! I slackened my pace; not that I was less eager to join my loved one, but that the rush of the horse, the current of air created by his speed, the very sounds of his swift motion, were painful and uncongenial. Still, I did not, as may be well believed, linger or hesitate upon the road; and, as I began to ascend the first pitch of the hill, I strode into a light canter, that brought me speedily to one of the entrances in the breastwork nearest to my pavilion, and guarded by the faithful Swinars of D'Erlach.

The following glorious sketch offers an excellent subject for the pencil of an artist, and will we trust be shortly embodied.

Before me was a picture that would have tasked and been superior to the powers of the mightiest master that ever limned the human form divine. Through a wide aperture in the canvase rolled the calm soft moonlight streamed down gloriously, filling the small apartment with a sweet and mellow radiance. In it was upon my pallid bed that the broadest pensile of of light was flung, all upon the calm angelic features of her who lay there, forgetful of all her sufferings, and all her sorrows. She was dressed, as I had seen her on that morning, in a plain robe of spotless white, the close corsage splendidly setting forth the symmetry of her person, and the long train falling carelessly over the edge of the couch. There was, however, one guardian, one vigilant and faithful guardian, watchfully at her side, to whom she had so much contributed to rescue—the bloodhound Hector. Erect upon his haunches, he sat beside the bed, his head reaching far above the level of the pillow on which Isabella reposed, and his bright eye glancing in the moonlight like coals of fire, as he rolled them to and fro in anxious watchfulness of his mistress. It was indeed a lovely group. Her beautiful chiselled features, the snowy lids closed, and the long lashes pencilling her pallid but transparent cheek, the profusion of sunny hair—freed from the restraints of the novicial head dress, which had compelled her to assume, and which now lay beneath my feet—glancing like threads of gold among its own dark shadows, her bosom rising and falling in the deep security of innocence, and, above all, that soft and almost terrible expression, that likeness of a longer and colder sleep, which has often pressed so chillingly on my heart, while gazing on the slumbering countenance of one I love. Her left hand fell easily across her lap, and the right was cast round the muzzle and shaggy neck of the dark hound, as though she had sunk into repose while in the act of caressing her canine preserver.

BENJAMIN LUNDY.—This gentleman arrived at Wheeling, Va. some time ago from Tennessee, on his way to the East. The following incident which occurred to him during his passage up the river, we find pleasantly related in a late number of the Wheeling Gazette.

"It is pretty well known, we presume, that Mr. Lundy is poor, very so; all his labor having been gratuitously directed, for at least twenty years past, to the melioration of the condition of the blacks in our country. The announcement of labor, expended in the acquisition of wealth, would have made him rich; but it is doubtful whether, in these twenty years, he has owned at any one time half a hundred dollars. So destitute of money was he on leaving Cincinnati, that he took a deck passage on the steam-boat, the price of which, it is known, is very inconsiderable on these waters. Shortly after leaving Cincinnati, the clerk of the boat ventured to enroll the names of the passengers. O Mr. Lundy's giving him, he asked, "What Lundy?" "Benjamin," was the reply. The clerk hastened off, and told Capt. Bennett that Benjamin Lundy was on board, a deck passenger!" "Show him to me," did the captain, springing from his state room. He was conducted to the deck, where he beheld the philanthropist seated on a box eating his lunch of bread and bacon. Advancing to him he said, "Mr. Lundy, you cannot remain on the deck in any boat that I command. Come with me, sir; you must eat at my table." He was accordingly conducted to the cabin, and introduced. The whole company rose to receive and shake hands with the good man. A young New-Yorker, on inclining him in his turn, said, "Mr. Lundy, denominated my purse. If I have not enough with me, let me give you a draft on New York for my own you may name." Mr. Lundy replied that he had very little money, it was true, and would so he accept his fund offer as to take ten dollars. "Ten dollars!" said the generous New Yorker, "You shall have it—nothing less than fifty." Mr. Lundy peremptorily refused, but at length consented to accept of twenty dollars. And twenty dollars, we are free to say, were never more worthily bestowed. The whole scene is represented as having been one of great interest—very little of which can be imparted to this meager relation."

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.—The following extract is taken from a notice of the Philadelphia Museum, by a correspondent of the Boston Mercantile Journal, dated Philadelphia, July 4th. "I paid a visit to the Museum this afternoon, and was pleased to see the improvements which have been made in the interior of the building, and the additions to the collection of curiosities, and from Philadelphia to Niagara Falls, and from Boston to Oregon and Mexico, and from Canada to Texas, and from Florida to Nootka Sound, and from Nootka Sound to Vera Cruz, and from Vera Cruz to Tobolsk, and from Tobolsk to Pekin, and from Pekin to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Boston, and from Boston to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Boston, and from Boston to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Boston, and from Boston

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicknell, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1835.

ASHES, Pot,	cwt	4 75
Pearl,		7 50 / 8 00
BUTTER.		
Keg,	lb	
Roll No. 1		12 / 13½
No. 2		
No. 3		8 / 9
COAL.		
Lehigh,	ton	4 50 / 4 75
Schuylkill,		4 50 / 4 75
COFFEE..Duty free.		
Java,		14
St. Domingo,		11 / 12
Porto Rico,		12 / 13
Laguira,		12½ / 13½
Rio,		12½ / 13½
COTTON..Duty 3 cts per lb.		
Louisiana,		18 / 22
Mobile,		18 / 22
N. Ala. and Ten.		
S. C. and Geo.		15 / 21
N. C. and Va.		15 / 21
FREIGHTS.		
To Pittsburgh, per cwt.		1 00 / 1 25
FLOUR and MEAL.		
Superfine,	bbl	6 75
Fine,		6 50
Rye,		4 75
Middling,		3 00 / 3 75
Corn meal,		
do. in hhds.		20 00
GRAIN.		
Rye Pennsylv.		1 00
Rye, Southern,		97 / 98
Wheat, Pennsylv.		[illegible]
do. South. bush.		[illegible]
Corn, S. C. white,		[illegible]
do. S. C. yellow,		[illegible]
do. S. C. round,		[illegible]
Oats, Pennsylv.		38 / 40
do. Southern,		[illegible]
Barley, Eastern,		
do. Pennsyl.		80 / 90
HOPS.		
1st sort. 1834..lbs		15 / 16
MOLASSES.		
New Orleans,		33 / 35

Sugar-house,		[illegible]
do. N. York,		[illegible]
do. Philad.		[illegible]
do. Steam.		[illegible]
Trinidad,		[illegible]
Porto Rico,		[illegible]
English French Isl.		[illegible]
Hav. & Matanzas,		[illegible]
MACKEREL.		
No. 1,	bbl	7 37½ / 7 50
No. 2,		7 12½
No. 3,		4 50 / 4 75
OIL.		
Linseed, Am. from store,		[illegible]
do. Dutch,		1 25
Whale,	gal.	43
Sperm, winter,		95 / 1 00
do. summer,		90
PLASTER PARIS.		
In Delaware, ton		[illegible]
In Schuylkill,		2 50 / 2 75
SEEDS.		
Clover,	bush	[illegible]
Flaxseed, rough		1 50
do. clean		
Timothy,	bush	1 50 / 2 75
Herds,	bush	
Orchard grass,		2 00
WHISKEY.		
Rye, hhds.		30
do. bbls.		[illegible]
do. from wagons		
WOOL.		
Prime, Saxony fleece,		[illegible]
Am. wash. full bl'd.		[illegible]
do. ¾ blood,		[illegible]
do. ½ blood,		[illegible]
do. ¼ and com.		[illegible]
Am. unwash. full bl'd		[illegible]
do. ¾ blood,		[illegible]
do. ½ blood,		[illegible]
do. ¼ and com.		[illegible]
Super. pulled lambs,		[illegible]
No. 1 do.		[illegible]
No. 2 do.		[illegible]
No. 3 do.		[illegible]
Spa. clean, B. F. A. S.		[illegible]
do. lambs,		75 / 1 00

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, July 25, 1835.

OUR OWN CITY.

It appears there are other men besides the exquisite Capt. Hall, who can see nothing to admire in our city of Brotherly Love. Observe what is said by the travelling correspondent of the Boston Journal.

"I cannot like Philadelphia. I have given it a fair trial, and many fair trials,—but I do not "cotton to" its stiffness, its preciseness, its coldness, its cold water washings, its white wooden window shutters, its everlasting red brick walls, unrelieved by any thing light or lively in the shape of Venitian blinds, verandahs, porticos, porches, or piazzas. It looks very well on a printed plan, but it is a very odd city in reality. And then its paved streets, innocent of Mc Adamization and gas light, its thousands of watch boxes for people to break their heads against at every corner, and its toleration of that disgusting nuisance of cigar-smoking, by men calling themselves gentlemen, in its streets at evening,—combine to render it far from delightful to me. It is true, there are the United States Bank, the Mint, the Fair Mount Water Works, and the new Exchange, to relieve all this sameness and monotony: but I am constrained to confess that I consider the constant self gratulation and boasting of the Philadelphians upon the score of these attractions, as almost destructive of the pleasure to be derived from an examination of them."

Oh, William Penn! why didst thou ever think of locating a city, on the banks of the Delaware river? and more especially, why didst thou ever ordain that her streets should intersect each other at "*right angles?*" Depend upon, it thou hast much to answer for: this "*stiffness*," this "*preciseness*," is altogether unpardonable. What a glorious immortality would have been thine, hadst thou brought over with thee, on thy pilgrimage to this new world, some of the winding streets, and crooked alleys of the great English Metropolis! And what a pity it is, that we, thy perverse descendents, should continue to make use of "white wooden window shutters," or build our houses of "everlasting red brick," without having even taste enough to relieve the monotony with a solitary "Venitian blind," or "*portico*," or "*porch*," or "*piazza*." By the way, what a delightful alliteration! And then, too, we must pave our streets in our own way, instead of that of the immortal McAdam's, (for the which we beg McAdam's pardon) and put up "*watch boxes*" at the corners of the streets; the latter of which, however, we think should not have been made a subject of complaint, inasmuch as it has been found necessary by our sage councils to "make and provide" a shelter for those whose duty it is to prevent *certain people* from "breaking their heads" against the lamp-posts at the "witching time of night." Finally, as to our *gentlemen* smoking cigars, we have not a word to say in reply; we leave the matter to their own consciences, and the reproofs of Fanny Butler, who at least gives them the credit of being polite enough to pass aside their cigars when a lady is passing. This is something.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—Major Noah of the New York Star, asks if we "shall forever depend upon Europe for the principal portion of our literary pleasures," and adds, in a somewhat heroic strain—"The father of waters as he charges with all his hosts upon the retreating billows of ocean, thunders—no! and Niagara, with all her world of waters, echoes and re-echoes that indignant, no!"

Without pausing to inquire what the waters of the Niagara have to do with American literature, we think the time has gone by when the question can be consistently asked. The reprints of American books in England, and the translations of American books into the French, German and Italian languages, are sufficient proofs, that Europe, in this respect, is as much dependant upon us, as we are upon Europe.—It has, however, become the fashion, now-a-days, for the editorial fraternity of this country to be habitually talking of the prejudices which, they say, are entertained by the English *literati* towards American authors; but the truth is, no such prejudices exist; the English press has awarded to American writers, all the praise which they deserve—all, indeed, which they could reasonably expect. Cooper, we will venture to say, is more popular in England than in America; and as to Irving, it was in England where he first acquired any substantial reputation as a man of letters, after having been almost literally compelled to abandon his own country, in consequence of there being no disposition to appreciate his labours. This is too often the way with us Americans. One of our countrymen becomes ambitious of authorship; he writes a book, and manages to procure its publication; it goes forth to the world, but it is an *American* book, and no one is willing to acknowledge that he has perused it; it is so exceedingly *unfashionable*, so excessively vulgar to read an American book; and the author, in despair, sets sail in the next packet for London, where, perchance, he is fortunate enough to make an *arrangement* with Murray, or Bentley, or somebody else, for the publication of another, and the next thing we hear of, is, that a copy of it was found on the toilet table of some Duchess, or Marchioness—no matter who, so that it is a titled personage, whose name is registered in the *Court Journal*—and then, we *fashionable* Americans—why, we are ready to break our necks until we, also, have possessed ourselves of a copy, which, under other circumstances, we would not have deigned to notice. And yet we are continually talking of English prejudices, while, if there is anything to be censured, it is our own narrow minded illiberality—our own reluctance in judging of a native author according to his merits, instead of waiting until he has acquired that reputation abroad, which we, in our selfishness, withheld from him at home.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE OHIO.—A company has been formed in Louisville, to construct a bridge over the Ohio river, from that city to Jeffersonville, Ia. The cost of the work is estimated at about $300,000. The citizens of Louisville alone, subscribed for two-thirds of the stock immediately upon opening the books.

EMIGRANTS.—The New York Evening Star says, "From the first of January to the first of July, the number of emigrants landed at this port alone, is *fourteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four*, and up to the present time may be computed at upwards of *fifteen thousand*; and as the winter months are generally unfavorable to emigration, we are safe in estimating the number which will arrive here in the year 1835, at *thirty thousand*. Of the late arrivals, we are informed by undoubted authority, that a greater portion of the emigrants were destitute, and required assistance almost upon their landing. Of the number arriving in various other parts of the Union, we have no means of ascertaining."

Unpopular as the subject may be among our thriving politicians, we cannot but think that the time has come when we should enact new alien laws.—The happiness and prosperity of our country will depend upon it.

LOVE IN A DILEMMA.

The Breach of Promise case still appears to occupy a large portion of public attention. Whether the fate of the Republic is in any way connected with it, we will not venture to say, but it has at least become a matter of almost as much importance as Eugene Robertson's late balloon ascension from Mexico, upon which occasion the government issued orders that there should be a suspension of all business.

The plaintiff in the case, poor Barnard! seems to be getting the worst of the battle, notwithstanding the *quid pro quo* of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, which a Jury of twelve "good men and true," allowed him to pocket as an equivalent for his disappointment. The happiness of poor George has been converted into *gall*, and he can now only be compared to a traveller in the desert, where nothing has the power to soothe his sufferings. His case is indeed, a hard one; and sincerely would we sympathise with him, were it not that we are afraid of incurring the displeasure of the ladies. We confess we have no independence in this matter; their dictates must be implicitly obeyed. If they say Mary H. Power was in the *right*, why, it is a necessary inference that George G. Barnard was in the *wrong*—and there is an end of it.

Love, we all know, is a ticklish thing. It is certainly more easily felt than understood. The best definition we can find of it—and we have been at some trouble—is in Hudibras. He says,

> Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
> In men as nat'rally as in charcoals.

But love in women, the poets have attempted to prove is entirely a different thing. It is, indeed, say they, her

> ——"whole existence; men may range
> The court, the camp, church, vessel, and the mart,
> Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange;
> Pride, famine, ambition, to fill up his heart;
> And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
> Men have all these resources, but women
> Only love, although undone."

But this has nothing to do with the calamities of Mary H. Gaul, and George G. Barnard, between whom there appears to have been a courtship of more than five years, and therefore we must express the belief that there was some misunderstanding between the parties, for what, indeed, is so unchangeable as a woman's love? We may rail against the sex—we may talk of their inconstancy—we may accuse them of a want of fidelity; but after all, they furnish the only instances we have of true and unqualified devotion. When a woman once fixes her affections, she loves on the same through every change of time and circumstance. She may be slow in forming an attachment, because she knows that deceit and hypocrisy may lurk in every smile to betray her, but when it is formed, nothing can turn aside the current of her affections. The man whom she has chosen as the object of her love, will appear to her the dearer, in proportion as the voice of detraction is sounded abroad to defame or injure his character. She would sooner believe that the world itself was *false*, than that *he*, in whom she had reposed so much confidence—he, in whom she had garnered up her sweetest and best affections—was any thing else than the noble and high minded being which her ardent fancy had always depicted him. This may sometimes be her delusion—but it is a delusion creditable to her sex. It shews, at least, that she will not permit any sordid motive, or qualifying self-interest, to sway her decision. Woman is not indeed, the type of change which she is so generally represented: the snows of many winters may gather upon her head; the hand of time may furrow her cheek and wrinkle her brow; she may be weighed down in her desolate old-age to the very dust; but even then, in the midst of all her sorrows, she has a heart that will beat as true and as fondly for him whom she has been accustomed to love, as in the very freshness and summer of youth. Away then, with those sweeping denunciations of a woman's fickleness—of a woman's inconstancy.

We have made the foregoing remarks, because, in the perusal of Miss Power's letters, she appears to have been perfectly pure and artless. When she had reason to doubt the affection of her wooer, she writes him a letter full of tenderness and endearment; she describes her almost insupportable anguish—entreats him to forgive her—and begs that she may once more reciprocate her love. If he could resist all this, we must confess he has nerves of a firmer texture than our own. It appears, however, that he yielded, but not with that amiable grace and condescension which it became him, and if there was any "*reasonable reason*," to use the young lady's own words, for her subsequently pursuing the course she did, it was certainly because she observed—for the first time, perhaps, the shrewd and calculating policy which appeared to govern Mr. Barnard in this affair, and which, producing a doubt in her mind of his *real* attachment—made her resolve, hard as was the task, to blot him forever from her memory as an object unworthy of her love and esteem.

FASHIONABLE HATS.

How capricious are the fashions! A month ago, and it was worth a gentleman's reputation to be seen in the street without one of the Russian, broad-brimed, white hats, wherewithall (an old fashioned word, by the way) to ornament his head. Now, we believe, almost *everybody* wears them, and, of course, *anybody* who aspires to be *somebody*, (that is, a well drest gentleman) must doff the white hat, and substitute the still newer fashion—a black one, differing only in colour, as it is of a similar shape and proportion.

The latter, we really admire; we think it becomes the wearer more than anything we have ever seen; and in addition to this they are likely, during the coming autumn and winter, to be generally adopted—especially among the *fashionables* who we know generally "rule the roast" in these matters.

In passing Florence & Co.'s Hat store, 48 South Third street, a day or two since, we could not but admire their manufacture of the above article. We think they cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Their hats appear to be of a superior quality, and are finished in a style of neatness and elegance not to be surpassed. The public would do well to give them a call.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.—The following is a portion of a speech lately delivered by Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, at an anti-slavery meeting held in Ireland.

"*The honorable and learned gentleman flung this black dishonor on the star-spangled banner of America; in vain did it wave over every sea, proclaiming the honor of the boasted Republic of modern times*—THOSE WHO FOUGHT UNDER IT WERE FELONS OF THE HUMAN RACE—(hear, hear,)—TRAITORS TO LIBERTY, TO THEIR OWN HONOR, AND BLASPHEMERS OF THE ALMIGHTY!! *The red arm of God*," continued the honorable and learned gentleman, "*is bared; and let the enemies of those whom he died to save, the black Man as well as the white man, beware of its vengeance. The lightning careers through the troubled air resistless amid the howling of the tempest and the rolling of the thunder!!*"

The time once was, when we believed Daniel O'Connell to be what he pretended, the dignified patriot and statesman. Opinions, like every thing else, are liable to be changed.

The old adage, "A friend in need, is a friend in deed," will be verified by those having occasion to employ the services of the Cockney Dr. Harrison, who advertises in a London paper, that he has been successful in several cases in bringing people to life who have met with the misfortune of breaking their necks. St. John Long may now hide his diminished head. If the Doctor was located in our city, he might do a profitable business during the continuance of the riots—provided, also, he could mend broken heads as well as necks.

THEATRICAL.—A Theatre has been opened for some time at Wilmington, Del., but with what success we are not informed. Miss Mary Duff was engaged for three nights, and made her first appearance in Bianca, in the tragedy of Fazio, or the Italian Wife.

After enumerating some of the numerous projects of internal improvement which are now in agitation in the Eastern States, the Richmond Enquirer remarks—

"Thus they go at the North! The strongest spirit of Internal Improvement is animating the whole Eastern Country. In 1827, there were but two rail roads in operation in the United States—the first was at Mauch Chunk—the other was the Quincy rail road, near Boston. So rare and curious was this mode of communication then considered, that Governor Kent of Maryland and his suite paid a visit to Boston, for the purpose of seeing the Quincy Rail road, preparatory to the commencement of the great Baltimore and Ohio Rail road. A Locomotive was not to be seen. But now Rail roads seem springing up by a sort of magic in every State of the Union. The small State of Illinois has now more rail roads laying down that belonged eight years ago to all the United States. Virginia too, is rousing from her slumbers—and shooting her rail roads and Canals in various directions. This is a stirring time—and merrily must we exert ourselves, to keep up with the progress of the age."

Beautiful Extract.—We find the following beautiful extract in one of our exchange papers, from *Reynolds' Voyage of the Potomac*. The work abounds with similar passages—graceful, spirited and eloquent.

SUN-SET AT SEA.

There are but few, perhaps, who have not experienced and felt the charms of evening, as the last golden beams of the setting sun cast a milder glow of mellowing light and shade on all around. It is not romance: there is a high wrought sympathy—a pure and holy feeling, which often passes over the mind in the contemplation of such a scene. We had enjoyed it on shore; but never dreamed that the ocean-tossed mariner was favored with aught so lovely. It was an evening when the troubled waters of the ocean had not wholly subsided from the effects produced by a heavy blow of several days. The sun was slowly declining in the west, making his passage through numerous silvery and golden clouds, which threw upon a bank of other dark vapours which were still hovering in the east, an appearance not unlike billows of fire, undulating like the sea beneath them.

> "The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
> Now glanced obliquely o'er the watery scene:
> Its heaving surface, lovely to behold,
> Glows in the west, a sea of living gold."
> *Falconer.*

To the north and to the south rose masses of beautiful clouds of snowy whiteness, whose upper edges were tinged with gold; these changing into every form above, while the dark red tinge upon the water, or sparkling sea beneath, presented, altogether, a picture so beautiful, that language has not power to describe it; nor could the pencil command sufficiently varied colours, though dipped in the tints of the rainbow, and touched by the hand of a Raphael, to delineate the scene, or impart its beauties to the glowing canvass. None will call this language too strong except such as have not seen, and of course cannot appreciate, the grandeur of ocean's landscape, upon which the oldest and roughest sailor cannot look without a brighter countenance, and a silent but heartfelt acknowledgment of that Being "who stretcheth out the firmament, and holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand."

CROSSING THE ALPS.—The last New York Mirror contains Fay's account of his journey across the Alps. It is a most vivid and eloquent description of mountain scenery;—indeed, it forms a picture of itself; and a painter might transfer it to canvass with much fidelity, without any other aid. We make an extract for the gratification of our readers:

"Much as we talk of nature, there are places where we feel that our previous conceptions have been dim and narrow. He, who crosses the Alps will experience this sensation, mingled with a certainty, that thousands of painters and poets, and millions of others, live and die without even suspecting the power of scenery over the mind. Our journey across the Splugen was, to us, a day memorable forever. Our recollections are of grandeur—gloomy vastness—awful solitude—eternal sublimity. There were moments, during the ascent, of a kind strange and new to me. Whoever seeks something "new under the sun," if he has dwelt on a plain, let him ascend a *veritable mountain*, and he will find it. Awe, amazement, gloom, wonder and *rapture*, during which you cannot smile, combine to elevate you. The road winds up, and up—a mad stream, white with foam, thundering all day by its side—amid slopes and cliffs, forests and vales—then a plain and a poor hut, or a ragged town and some beggars. You pause and rest; and then, again, up and up—winding and turning—sometimes through tremendous ravines—sometimes by magnificent waterfalls—sometimes along giddy and yawning gulfs—yet, still, always up and up. Then the face of the earth changes, and the grass fades nearly away, and the naked, everlasting rocks lift their grey backs through the soil.—The tempests of six thousand years have beaten against them. Now, the road steals through a desert of endless stones, broken and scattered about—now through a long, dark gallery, wet and dripping—now at the brink of a tremendous precipice, which your imagination would receive as the summit of any mountain; but, anon, the panting, toiling, sweating horses drag you around an angle of rock; and, lo! above you overhang other cliffs and other mountains in the sky; piles, swells and pyramids of snow and ice; and, so near their awful heights as to startle you, the whole line runs yet higher and higher, and you believe not that it is your path still above you—and yet it is. The earth is now totally changed. You wrap your heavy cloak around you in the biting cold. Dark clouds are rolling gloomily over your path, and the white snow shines beneath you, and the winter wind shakes violently the closed glasses of your carriage; and, as the road, still mounting and bending up and up, turns your face now to the right—now to the left—you catch, far below, such awful gleamings of sublime scenery—such dim, wild depths of azure—such forms of cold blue lifted and built up around you in the eternal silence, and shrouded in mist and storm, that your very soul is hushed and chilled, and you feel as if Death, the King of Terrors, had there fixed his home; and, were a *spectre* to stand in your path, or to lean and beckon to you from his car of rolling mist, you would behold him without starting, for your imagination can scarcely be more excited. A cataract, which, on the plains, would draw all Europe to it as a fashionable resort, is here no curiosity. Its lonely thunder swells and dies away in the interminable solitude. Twenty times we thought ourselves at the height of this stupendous road, and yet its zig-zag course appeared ever mounting far before us, up, up, all the cold grew extreme, and the darkness of night overlooked us; and we were completely lost and enveloped in heavy, wet clouds, rolling around us like a mighty ocean. * * * For a moment or two we were at a loss. Before us appeared only a brink, beyond which imagination painted a chasm of six or eight thousand feet. Gaspero stopped, and looked around, and we began to consider our resources for passing the night in the sky. At this moment a gust swept our path. The white clouds floated off, and displayed our road descending in sudden angles down, down indefinitely. Off we started, upon a trot, committing ourselves to Providence. In little more than two hours, the roaring of the Rhine, through the village of *Splugen*, and the lights glimmering in the widows, announced our arrival; and we alighted, for the first time, at a *Swiss Inn*."

From Bicknell's Reporter.

Banking Capital in the United States.—The following table, showing the amount of Banking capital of the various states of the Union, possesses considerable interest. We have compiled it from the last reports made to the several legislatures of the states, and it is proper for us to mention, that since these reports were submitted, several new institutions have been chartered—the Northern Bank of Kentucky, the Merchants Bank of Baltimore, the Charleston City Bank, &c., and that hence, in order to make the table complete, the reader should add the capital of *all* recently chartered banks. It will be perceived that the Banking capital of this state amounts to little more than *seventeen* millions, while in 1834, that of Massachusetts amounted to $29,309,450—and New York has more than thirty-one millions.

Maine,	2,724,000	Georgia,	8,034,691
N. Hampshire,	2,154,308	Alabama,	4,305,207
Vermont,	911,980	Mississippi,	11,000,000
Massachusetts,	29,309,450	Louisiana,	33,664,755
Rhode Island,	7,438,848	Tennessee,	5,249,827
Connecticut,	5,708,015	Kentucky,	10,000,000
New York,	31,481,460	Ohio,	5,986,625
New Jersey,	6,375,000	Indiana,	1,500,000
Pennsylvania,	17,084,444	Illinois,	1,700,000
Delaware,	2,000,000	Dt. of Columbia,	4,355,305
Maryland,	9,270,091	Florida,	1,000,000
Virginia,	5,694,500	Michigan,	2,250,000
North Carolina,	3,324,725		
South Carolina,	7,331,218		$219,250,549

On Monday of last week, the hands employed in the quarry of Mr. Harman Lydacker, situated under the high range of mountains, below Slaughter's Landing, in this county, were alarmed by the cry of murder! proceeding from a female voice, but were totally unable to discover the source from whence it came. At the same moment the crew of the sloop Henry Edward, which was passing down the river, saw something suspended at the side of the mountain resembling a female form. With commendable promptitude they immediately put about, dropt anchor, and jumping into the small boat, rowed to the shore. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, they found it to be a young girl, (aged about 16,) hanging by one foot in a cedar bush, about 100 feet from the base, and 60 feet from the top of the perpendicular rock. To reach her from the bottom was impossible, and providing themselves with a rope they hastened around to the top, from which they lowered it. The unfortunate girl was yet able to fix it around her waist, and by this means, was drawn from her perilous situation, and rescued from impending and almost certain death. She proved to be Miss Phebe Wells, a niece of Mr. Benedict Wells, who had left his residence without the knowledge of his family, with a view of going to New York to see her friends. Unacquainted with the passage of the mountains, it is supposed, she was unaware of the danger, until she found herself descending the precipice, and the rock being perpendicular, her fall could only have been broken by the slight shrubbery which projects from the side of the cliff, until, luckily for her, she struck the cedar bush, in which her foot fortunately caught. Her situation here may be imagined, it cannot be described; hanging by one foot to a slender bush, and a yawning gulf of rocks and stones 100 feet below—unable to extricate herself, and for aught she knew, far beyond the reach of human call. It is not at all probable that in five hundred thousand cases, one could have passed the cliff she did, and not have been dashed to pieces long before reaching the bottom. She was not materially injured, and was conveyed to her friends in New York by the sloop Henry Edward, the Captain and crew of which are entitled to the highest commendations for their promptitude and humanity.—*North River Times.*

William Swaim of Philadelphia.—About twenty years ago, William Swaim, then a bookbinder was affected with a severe scrofulous disease, which baffled all the efforts of his physicians. He expended all his little earnings in procuring medical aid, and was taken to the Pennsylvania hospital, his disease having been pronounced incurable. While at the Hospital he undertook to cure himself, and composed a mixture for that purpose which had the desired effect. He was soon restored to perfect health, with a constitution unimpaired by the disease through which he had passed. He then tried the virtues of his medicine on others afflicted with similar diseases, and found that it proved equally efficacious. This mixture was *Swaim's Panacea*. It not only restored its inventor from sickness to health, but it has raised him from abject poverty to immense wealth. He makes it is said a good use of his wealth, contributing largely to the improvements of Philadelphia, and allying with his name and his purse a benevolent and charitable institutions.—*N. Y. Times.*

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.—Judge Story, in speaking of the late lamented Chief Justice Marshall, held the following appropriate language:—

"It had been his (Judge S.'s) good fortune to be near him for 24 years, to know his thoughts intimately, and to enjoy with him the utmost freedom of communication; and he could not but add, that he was unrivalled with the depth of his (Justice Marshall's) feelings as a father, a husband, a brother and a friend—Feelings more pure than he had thought could have existed in the bosom of any human being. His labours were eminently directed to the preservation of the constitution, and of the Union. His admirable mind had no desire to expand the constitution beyond its just limits. He endeavored to give to that instrument the construction which he, better than any other man, knew was entertained by its framers; and to express the thoughts which belonged to their minds. As an expounder of constitutional law, he had conferred lasting honour on his country. He had shed an inextinguishable glory around his high office,—a glory which would brighten as time rolled on. Such a man should die as he had died—like a shock of wheat fully ripe,—preserving all his glorious faculties to the last. During the last winter, when laboring under the disease which has since proved fatal to him, he had been ardent and constant in all his duties, evincing all his ordinary intelligence, and wonderful comprehensiveness of judgement. He (Judge S.) believed the last thought this venerable man ever breathed was for his country, and the perpetuity of the Union. Let them then be comforted that Providence, in taking him from them, had taken him at such a period of his life." Judge Story concluded by directing the clerk to enter the resolutions upon the records of the court.

MICHIGAN.

The Detroit Free Press of the 1st inst. contains "the entire Constitution of the State of Michigan," as adopted by the Territorial Convention at Detroit. We annex the second article.

1. In all elections, every white male citizen above the age of twenty-one years, having resided in the state six months next preceding any election, shall be entitled to vote at such election; and every white male inhabitant of the age aforesaid, who may be a resident of this state at the time of the signing of this constitution, shall have the right of voting as aforesaid; but no such citizen or inhabitant shall be entitled to vote, except in the district, county, or township in which he shall actually reside at the time of such election.

2. All votes shall be given by ballot, except for such township officers as may, by law, be directed to be otherwise chosen.

3. Electors shall, in all cases, except treason, felony or breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at elections, and in going to and returning from the same.

4. No elector shall be obliged to do militia duty on the days of election, except in time of war or public danger.

5. No person shall be deemed to have lost his residence in this state by reason of his absence on business of the United States, or of this state.

6. No soldier, seaman, or marine, in the army or navy of the United States, shall be deemed a resident of this state in consequence of being stationed in any military or naval place within the same.

The eleventh article is to this effect,—

Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever be introduced into this state, except for the punishment of crimes of which the party shall have been duly convicted.

An Æronaut in a blaze of glory.—If ever mortal man was immersed in honours, Mr. Eugene Robertson is the man. There is a long and interesting description in the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin of his ascension from the city of Mexico, taken from his own narrative and the journals of that city. General orders were issued by the government for the suspension of all business, and the inhabitants turned out en masse to witness his ascension, the first ever made in that part of the world. It took place from the piazza de toros, where 18000 persons of the upper classes had congregated. The President ad interim, of the republic, the magistrates of the city, the professors of the college of Mines, and dignitaries of all characters were present. When the balloon ascended, the air was rent with shouts of long live Robertson, long live the aeronaut, long live France and the French people, while the ladies, dear souls, wept torrents of tears. This however was but the beginning of the honours showered upon the Frenchman. He descended about seven leagues from the city of Mexico. The authorities of that city despatched detachments of soldiers into the part of the country where it was supposed he had descended, and numerous parties of citizens set out with the view of escorting him home. While on his way to Mexico he passed through Kalpam, distant about four leagues from that city. The ladies of the place requested permission to present him with garlands and wreaths of flowers, and the authorities prepared a sumptuous feast for him. A coach and six had been despatched from Mexico to convey him to that city, and a detachment of dragoons formed his escort. As he approached the city of Mexico, he was met by a grand cavalcade, and a long array of carriages. When the triumphal car arrived at the city, it was preceded by twelve guards to clear the streets of all obstacles that might impede the procession. The inhabitants from terraces and the doors and windows of their houses, saluted him with enthusiastic cheers. He was escorted to the palace, where the President and principal officers were waiting to receive him. Thence he went to the College of Mines and held a learned confab with the professors of that institution, and afterwards was feasted in public. In the evening he was escorted to the theatre by a large concourse of citizens. When he arrived there, the audience rose to cheer him, and insisted that he should show himself on the stage. The curtain was raised and he made his "first appearance," accompanied by the manager, who recited a piece of poetry in his praise. He was then escorted into the private boxes of the folks, and Countesses and Marchionesses—for it seems they have these things in Mexico—intoxicated him with sweet speeches. The public prints were for a number of days filled with sonnets and odes to his honor, and there was a strife among the Mexican poets as to who should be most hyperbolical in his praise.

He received not only empty praise, but solid pudding, having cleared about twenty thousand dollars by his highflying experiment. We have told this long story by way of showing to the "native talent," which has lately wasted itself on the desert air in ballooning, that there is a fair field in Mexico for its exercise. Let our balloon men emigrate. They may rely upon it, they are not properly appreciated here. What a great man would Sam Patch have made himself, if he had performed in Mexico.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—We are pleased with the following remarks, which we copy from a late number of the National Gazette, in relation to the genius and writings of our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving. They do credit to the taste and feelings of the editor.

"Who is like him, and whom is he like? With all that eagerness for imitating authors whose works have obtained the greatest vogue, which characterizes the present age, where are his imitators? and who is the author, living or dead, whom he can be said to have imitated? The fact is that his principal qualities cannot be copied in the way that those of many of his literary compeers have been—it were vain for any one to attempt to ape his humor and pathos; each is too peculiarly *sui generis* to afford any chance of success to an endeavor of the kind. And as to resemblance, his works may bear in some respects to those of Addison and Goldsmith, it is but the consequence of a kindred genius, whilst they are distinguished and individualized by traits especially their own."

Mr. O'Connell's opinion of his countrymen in the United States.—Mr. O'Connell, at a late meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society of London, speaking of the Irish in this country, who do not advocate as he does the fanatic doctrine of abolition, says of them:

"He was glad such Irishmen had left their own country. They were amongst the objects of the curse of St. Patrick, who had banished all poisonous and venomous reptiles from the soil of Ireland. The learned member for Dublin then in an eloquent manner, expressed his abhorrence of America, which professed the most enlarged principles of liberty, refusing to emancipate 2,000,000 of human beings from the degradation and horrors of slavery. The star-spangled banner of America was stained with Negro blood. They refused their slaves even the blessings of education, they enchained their bodies, and they would also enchain their souls. If they suffered this horrible system to continue they would write themselves liars to their own declaration. He would proclaim them from the place on which he then stood, blasphemers of their God, and what some of them might think of still greater consequence violators of their sacred honor."

TRENTON, N. J., July 11.—The large new saw mill of Messrs. Fish, Cook & Co.—the new saw mill of Messrs. Maynard & Hutchinson—and an extensive paper mill fitted up by Mr. Davison, all commenced running during the past week. These events form new items in our account of improvement. In the course of September, the large oil mill, now being erected by Mr. Joseph Moore, it is expected will go into operation; and about three months after the capacious merchant mill, being built by the same enterprising gentleman, will be under way. In addition to these gratifying evidences of prosperity, we learn that our city has attracted the attention of capitalists and speculators abroad, whose visits usually follow closely the first sure premonitory symptoms of an increase of business in a neighborhood.—Some heavy sales have been made within the past ten days; the most important of which is the disposition of Daniel W. Coxe, Esq., of all his building lots, mills, in the adjoining village of Bloomsbury, for $50,000. The purchasers are a company of gentlemen residing in New York. Notwithstanding speculation, however, building lots may still be had at low prices, and sites and water power, the unrivalled advantage of their locality considered, are here selling now at more reasonable rates than any where else in the Union. How long they will be rated so cheaply we cannot say.

Simple Means of Preserving Health.—The public health would be greatly promoted, and ringworm prevented or cured, by washing the head daily with vinegar and water. One part vinegar to three parts of water should be applied to the head with a sponge. All schools, public and private, large families, and persons of sedentary habits, ought to use this simple and cheap remedy, which, besides preventing or eradicating all diseases of the skin, will be found to impart a beautiful and healthy hue to the most delicate complexion.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 17, received from		Henry Schmalt,	2 00
George Boggs,	$57 78	James Herring,	2 00
J. J. Harrod,	2 00	Oliver Brabits, Esq.	3 00
A. F. Woodward,	2 00	A. Brockway, Esq.	5 00
Merlin Merrill,	2 00	W. J. Cole, Esq.	5 00
Elias Palmer,	1 00	S. Grace, Esq.	2 00
C. C. Waller, Esq.	2 00	Ethan Alling, Esq.	2 00
S. Prescott, Esq.	2 00	H. Bartlett, Esq.	2 00
J. Stow, Esq.	2 00	W. W. Thrasher, Esq.	6 00
Merlin Collins, Esq.	2 00	W. Foulke, Esq.	10 00
H. S. Beakes, Esq.	4 00	S. Dickson, Esq.	24 00
J. G. Caldwell, Esq.	10 00	E. Laughead, Esq.	5 00
W. W. Wood, Esq.	2 00	D. B. Wheeler, Esq.	2 00
July 18.		*July 21.*	
Chris. C. Scott,	2 00	Hanna Millison,	1 00
Elias Dewitt,	2 00	Guy H. Bell, Esq.	5 00
Daniel C. Hays,	3 00	W. Hanks, Esq.	1 00
J. H. Wallace,	5 00	James Weils, Esq.	10 00
John S. Rollins,	2 00	C. F. Hammond, Esq.	2 00
Revile Fuller,	1 00	M. Russell, Esq.	15 00
N. Harvey, Esq.	5 00	*July 22.*	
T. Fisher, Esq.	5 00	D. F. McCrary	2 00
V. M. Long, Esq.	5 00	R. F. Worthington,	3 13
B. Robeson, Esq.	1 25	R. McClure, Esq.	1 00
B. S. Stivers, Esq.	1 00	Henry Manly,	26 30
July 20.		*July 23.*	
J. W. Trumbull,	52 00	A. H. Wood,	20 00
Samuel Linton,	5 00	W. H. Skerrett,	10 00
Shepard Garbutt,	5 00	John B. Shaw,	2 00
George C. Gibbs,	2 00	S. Newberry, Esq.	2 00
A. S. James,	2 00	J. K. Place, Esq.	2 00

COMMUNICATED.

Died at Salem, N. J., on the 15th instant, ELIJAH BROOKS, Esq., formerly editor and proprietor of the Salem Messenger. Mr. Brooks, we believe, is from the state of New Hampshire and located himself at Salem about 15 years since, an entire stranger, where he established the Salem Messenger, the first paper that fully succeeded in that flourishing town—by constant, quiet industry and strict integrity he received the richest confidence and support of its inhabitants—but through the vicissitudes of fortune, and a fatal disease he has early been called from all that was near and dear to him. This small tribute of respect is humbly made by one that knew him in prosperity and adversity, and respects his memory.

Forgery.—A man named Henry Wilbur was last night arrested in Spring street by officers Stevenson and Tompkins, on a charge of forgery. It appears that Wilbur was in the habit of purchasing empty champaigne bottles of innkeepers, and selling them to Messrs. Mountain & Wright, extensive dealers in bottled cider, at the corner of South and Beekman streets. Attached to their establishment is a bottling cellar, under the charge of a man named Cornelius Sullivan, where the bottles to be sold were taken, and where the seller received a ticket of acknowledgement. This the seller carried to the store, and on presenting it received his money. Wilbur, after receiving his ticket, would previous to presenting it at the store, increase the number of bottles acknowledged in it; for instance, adding "ty" to five, six, seven, &c. as the case might be—thereby making his demand ten times greater than it should be. By this manœuvre, he had defrauded the firm M. & W. in one month of $1088. Yesterday the fraud was accidentally discovered, measures were taken to bring Wilbur to justice, which were successful, and he was fully committed for trial.—*Bost. Times.*

From the Lexington (Ky.) Observer, of Nov. 1832.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.

Married, in Scott County, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. ——, Mr. Thomas W. Scott, a white man, to Miss Adeline J. Johnson, a mulatto girl, and reputed, or acknowledged, daughter of the Honorable *Richard M. Johnson*, one of the Representatives of the State of Kentucky to the Congress of the United States.

A few days after Mr. Scott became the happy husband of the *fair* and lovely Adeline, he was presented by her father, the "good Colonel," with a fine tract of land, known as the "Blue Spring Farm," for which a deed has been regularly made and entered on record in the office of the Clerk of the Scott County Court. The deed runs, "to Thomas W. Scott and Adeline J. Scott, his wife jointly, their heirs," &c.

This is the second time the moral feelings of that portion of the people of Scott County who possess such feelings, have been shocked or outraged by the marriage of a mulatto daughter of Col. Johnson to a white man, if a man who can so far degrade himself, who will make himself an object of scorn and detestation to every person that has the least regard for decency, for a little property, can be considered a white man. About two years and a half ago, a Mr. Daniel Pence married Imogene, Colonel Johnson's eldest daughter; and, as has more recently been the case with Mr. Scott, was soon afterwards rewarded for his degradation, by being put in possession of a large farm and a number of slaves to cultivate it.

How long will the people of Scott County—of Kentucky—permit such palpable violations of the laws of their State to be committed with impunity? How long will the moral and religious part of the community suffer such indecent and shocking examples to be set for their sons and the rising generation, before they put their veto upon them?—before they consign to private life at least, if not to infamy, those who encourage such violations of the laws both of God and man? The laws of Kentucky forbid, under heavy penalties, a white man's marrying a negro or mulatto, or living with one in the character of man and wife. Why should Pence and Scott not be held amenable to the laws? What are the Grand Jury of Scott about? Are they not sworn to take cognizance of all violations of the laws of the country, and to present all who commit them? Will they suffer Pence and Scott to go unpunished because they have become the sons-in-law of Colonel Johnson? We hope not. We hope to see the supremacy of the laws of the country maintained, although persons high in office should be made to feel their weight.

Great Ship.—The following particulars in relation to the "big ship" Pennsylvania, now on the stocks at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, are copied from the Philadelphia Inquirer of last week. They were communicated for publication by a sailmaker in the Navy: 220 feet lower deck; 217 length aloft; 190 feet length of keel for tonnage; 56 feet 9 inches moulded breadth of beam for tonnage; 59 feet moulded breadth outside of wales; 23 feet depth of hold; 51 feet extreme depth amidships; 3,306 23-95 tonnage; guns 140; 18,341 yards duck, one set of sails; 14,624 yards duck, for bags, hammocks, boat sails, awnings, &c.—total 32,965 yards; 11 inches shrouds; 19 inches main stay; 278 feet mainmast—93 yards 1 foot; 110 feet main yard; 82 feet topsail yard; 57 feet topgallant yard; 36 feet royal yard; 10,000 pounds sheet anchor; 25 inches anchor; 1,531 yards maintopsail.

PHILADELPHIA CITY
Savings Institution.
Office No. 91 North Second Street.
Capital $200,000.
OFFICERS.
Joseph R. Riley—President. | Alexander Cook, | Trustees
William H. Jordan—Treas'r. | Geo. W. Tryon, |
John McClintock—Sec'ry. | Joseph Worrell, |
DIRECTORS.
Joseph R. Riley, Charles K. Servoss,
George W. Tryon, Wm. H. Jordan,
Alexander Cook, Joseph Worrell,
Michael W. Ash, Archibald Wright,
John G. Watmough, Henry Boyer,
Charles Schaffer, Jr. A. H. Stanton,
Robert Patterson,
This Institution, having for its object the benefit of the saving and economical classes of our citizens, will receive deposites daily, (Sundays excepted,) between the hours of 9 A. M. and 1 P. M., from all persons disposed to place funds there, at the following rates.
Regular weekly depositors of from $1 to $10, shall receive an interest of 5 per cent. per annum, or may convert the same into stock, at the end of a limited time, at subscription price, $50,000 of the capital stock being reserved for that purpose.
Sums not exceeding $500 to remain not less than one, nor more than three months, shall receive an interest of 3 per cent. per annum.
Sums from $50 to $500 to remain not less than 3 months, shall receive an interest of 4 per cent. per annum.
Deposites to be withdrawn at pleasure, will be received, but no interest will be allowed thereon.
Fifteen day's notice to be given previous to withdrawing deposites, the interest ceasing on the day such notice is given.
No loan can be made to any officer or director of the Institution.
Weekly deposites received on Monday, between the hours of 9 and 1 P. M. and from 6 to 8 the same day.
Applications for loans to be made on Tuesdays. Answers given on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.
JOSEPH R. RILEY, President.
JOHN McCLINTOCK, Secretary.
july 25—3mo

MUNDIG,
THE WINNER OF THE DERBY STAKES IN 1835.
THE GENTLEMAN'S VADE MECUM, OR THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC COMPANION, (to-day, July 25) contains a Portrait of the English Horse MUNDIG, the Winner of the late Derby races; another ENGRAVING illustrating THE PRESENT PANIC IN THE MONEY MARKET IN ENGLAND. A great variety of interesting Sporting Incidences, and other matters of a more general character, is contained in this number of the Vade Mecum. Terms THREE DOLLARS per annum, in advance. Published every week on large imperial white paper, by SMITH & ALEXANDER, No. 3 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia—to whom all orders must be addressed.
A specimen copy will be sent to any part of the Union by addressing the publisher, *postage paid.* july 25—1t*

Conflagration of Moscow.
AMERICAN MUSEUM, corner of Fifth and Chesnut Sts. The Proprietor has the pleasure of announcing a short engagement with the new and splendid Panoramic Spectacle of the Conflagration of Moscow, to exhibit the same every evening in the Saloon of the Museum. This exhibition differs from all others of the kind ever produced for exhibition, in representing the city at sunset, with the gradual diminishing of light, the entrance of the imperial army, the hurried flight of its inhabitants and the entrance of darkness until the scene is enveloped in the horrors of night.
The second part represents the city by moonlight, with the glimmering tracks of the Russian incendiary, the gradual increase of flame, the falling of steeples and houses, the hollow sounding of distant cannon, the rattling musketry, the tolling of bells, &c. forming a scene which it is impossible to describe. [illegible] a heap of smoking ruins. july 25

Country Seat for Sale.
THE subscriber offers for sale the pleasantly situated and commodious country house, in the county of Philadelphia, within one mile of Frankford, and three miles from the city, commanding the main road from the city to Frankford, by Harrowgate's lane which intersects the Germantown road. The dwelling and lot fronts on Front street at the Rock tavern. The dwelling is a large brick building, well finished and in an excellent state of repair. Coach house and stables, with other out buildings, two pumps and a fine spring of water within a short distance of the dwelling. The land is in a high state of cultivation, new fencing, being six acres in all, two of which are wood land. The terms will be made known on application to the owner of the property, who being desirous to sell, will dispose of it on moderate terms.
JOHN MAYPOTHER.
july 25—4t

Book Folders.
WANTED, four young women to learn the book folding and sewing business. Apply at the Saturday Evening Post Office. july 25

Wanted,
AN active industrious lad to run errands, one that can write and understands the nature of bills will be preferred; none need apply unless he be able to furnish sufficient vouchers for honesty and industry. Apply at No. 240 Market street.
N. B.—Good seat, positions and shirt makers wanted, to prices as above. july 25—1t*

James H. Briscoe, Dentist,
No. 393 Arch street, above Eighth.
Office hours from 9 A. M., to 4 o'clock, P. M.
nov 1 '34—tyif

ALMANACK.				
JULY. 1835.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
25 Saturday,	4 50	7 10	1 30	
26 Sunday,	4 51	7 9	2 17	D. H. M.
27 Monday,	4 51	7 9	2 55	
28 Tuesday,	4 52	7 8	3 27	First 3 9 49
29 Wednesday,	4 53	7 7	4 21	Full 10 1 20
30 Thursday,	4 54	7 6	5 17	Last 17 10 45
31 Friday,	4 55	7 5	6 4	New 23 9 10
1 Saturday,	4 56	7 4	7 40	

Saving Fund Society.—The Northern Liberty, Kensington and Spring Garden Saving Fund Society receive deposites on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, from 3 o'clock, P. M. until 8, at their office, No. 130 North Third below Green street.

MARRIAGES.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas S. Wayner, to Miss Ellen Shaw, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 16th inst. by the same Mr. David Goklen, to Miss Maria Cuthbert, both of the Northern Liberties.

On Saturday evening, 9th inst. by Alderman Geyer, Mr. James Scott, to Mrs. Susan Howell, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 16th inst. by the Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, Thorndike Deland, to Miss Elizabeth M., daughter of Samuel B. Rawle, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday, the 16th inst. by the Rev. R. A. Henderson, J. Burrows McKeever, to Elizabeth B. Saunders, all of this city.

On Wednesday, 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Furness, John Roberton, M. D. to Miss Elizabeth Russell, all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Houston, Mr. Samuel Jackson, to Miss Eugenia, daughter of the late Joseph Heppard, Merchant, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 19th inst. by Alderman P. Christian, Mr. Charles C. Coit, to Miss Elizabeth T., only daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Bryan.

In Pittsburgh, by the Rev. D. H. Riddle, Mr. John D. Baird, Merchant, to Miss Rebecca L., daughter of the Rev. Robert Patterson, all of this city.

In Somerville, N. J. Joshua Doughty, Esq. of Franklin, Alabama, to Miss Susan M. daughter of the Hon. Isaac Southard, of the former place.

At New York, on Thursday afternoon, by the Rev. Archibald Maclay, Mr. Benjamin F. Bisne, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Graves, of Catskill, N. Y.

At Brownville, New York, on the 14th inst. Courtland Yardley, Esq. of Yardley, Pa. to Hannah Ann, daughter of the Hon. John Brown, of the former place.

At New Orleans, on the 2d inst. by the Hon. Judge Duncan, Mr. Robt. Swain, of New Jersey, to Miss Maria Moore, of London, Eng.

At Cincinnati, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Gallagher, Thomas Lindsey, Esq. late of Cumberland County, Pa. to Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, late of Penn Township, Philadelphia County, Pa.

On Monday, the 25th ult. by the Rev. Owen Lloyd, Adam Fleming, to Eve Fleming. This was the first couple ever married at Langdale Chapel.

> That Langdale is a Paradise
> We now may well believe:
> The chapel book this certifies—
> Here Adam married Eve!
>
> Alas! each earthly Paradise,
> Of lasting bliss is void;
> The cause of this first couple's joys,
> Soon read we, was a Lloyd. (Quere, alloyed?)

DEATHS.

On the 19th inst. Jane, wife of Geo. G. Thomas.

On the 19th inst. Isaac Stow in the 37th year of his age.

On Sixth-day, 17th inst. Ann Lukens, wife of Joseph Lukens, of this city, in the 63d year of her age.

On Friday morning, 17th inst. Cecilia Jane, infant daughter of William E. and Jane E. Nolen, aged 9 years.

On the 12th inst. after a lingering and painful illness, in the 27th year of his age, Abraham Gumfert, Jr.

On Friday evening, James Warren, son of the late James Warren, in the 6th year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, the 21st inst. Henry Augustus, infant son of the Rev. H. A. Boardman of this city, aged 11 months and 11 days.

On Wednesday, the 8th inst. Mrs. Mary King, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Eliza Gibson, in the 63d year of her age.

On Tuesday afternoon, in the 70th year of his age, Thomas Hillborn, formerly of Bucks county.

In Salem, N. J. on Wednesday evening the 15th inst. Mr. Elijah Brooke, formerly Editor of the "Salem Messenger."

At Chambersburg, on the 8th inst. after a short illness, John King, Esq. President of the Bank of Chambersburg, in the 58th year of his age.

At St. Louis, on the 15th ult. of Cholera, the Rev. Thomas Drummond, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Recently, of the same disease, in Illinois, the Rev. Simon Peter, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and presiding Elder of the Sangamon District, Illinois Conference.

At Jefferson Barracks, on the 24th inst. Mrs. Anne Alexander, consort of Lieut. L. Alexander, of the U. S. Army.

Another Hero of the Revolution gone!—At his residence in Hanover township, Beaver county, Pa. on Saturday, the 4th of July, Mr. John Teel, a soldier of the Revolution, in the 95th year of his age.

At Belleville, (Illinois) on Friday evening, June 26th, of cholera, Major Wm. Orr, aged about 62 years, formerly a resident of this city.

At New Castle, on Thursday, 16th inst. Mrs. Louisa Dorsey Read, wife of George Read, Jr. Esq.

In Liverpool, on the 2d day of April last, Capt. Wm. Wildes, late of Baltimore, and formerly of Philada.

In Pittsburg, on Wednesday 8th inst. Mr. William Mooney, long a resident of that city, aged 60 years.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on Wednesday morning, July 15th, 1835, at half past five o'clock, Miss Clara Moss, third daughter of John Moss, deeply lamented by all her numerous family and friends. Endowed with a strong and cultivated mind, and entertaining most kind and generous feelings towards her fellow creatures, ever ready to aid the distressed, and possessed of acquirements and of an ingenuity of which few can boast, her conduct through life was exemplary, and free from vain show or ostentation. In her protracted illness she manifested such patience and resignation, that she endeared herself more than ever to those she left behind. Her last hours might be envied, if such exist in death. Her piety, intermingled with smiles to meet her only true and existing God of Israel, is the only consolation her family sustained, whilst deploring her loss. May her soul find that peace and glory in Heaven, which her path through life was so well calculated to ensure.

There were 141 deaths in Philadelphia the past week—45 of which were adults and 95 children.—By consumption of the lungs 12, and 62 under 1 year.

Carey's Library of Choice Literature.
TO say that this is a reading age, implies a desire for instruction, and the means to gratify that desire. On the first point, all are agreed; on the second, there is diversity both of opinion and of practice. We have now papers, magazines, reviews, in fine, pamphlets of all sizes, on nearly all subjects, which have severally their classes of readers and supporters, and yet copious as are these means of intellectual supply, more are still needed. In addition to the reviews of the day and passing notices of books, the people, in large numbers, in all parts of our great republic, crave the possession of the books themselves, and details, beyond mere passing allusion of the progress of discovery in art and science. But though it be easy to ascertain and express their wants, it is not so easy to gratify them. Expense, distance from the emporia of literature, engrossing occupations which prevent personal application in even messages to libraries and booksellers, are so many causes to keep people away from the feast of reason and the enjoyment of the coveted literary aliment. It is the aim of the publishers of the Library to obviate these difficulties, and to enable every individual, at a small cost and without any personal effort, to obtain for his own use and that of his favored friends or family, valuable works, complete, on all the branches of useful and popular literature, and that in a form well adapted to the comfort of the reader.
The charm of variety, as far as it is compatible with moral and good taste, will be held constantly in view in conducting the Library, to fill the pages of which the current literature of Great Britain, in all its various departments of Biography, History, Travels, Novels and Poetry, shall be freely put under contribution. With, perchance, occasional exceptions, it is intended to give entire the work which shall be selected for publication. When circumstances authorize the measure, recourse will be had to the literary stores of Continental Europe, and translations made from French, Italian or German, as the case may be.
Whilst the body of the work will be a reprint, or at times a translation of entire volumes, the cover will exhibit the miscellaneous character of a Magazine, and consist of sketches of men and things, and notices of novelties in literature and the arts, throughout the civilized world. A full and regular supply of the literary monthly and hebdomadal journals of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to home periodicals of a similar character cannot fail to provide ample materials for this part of our work.
The resources and extensive correspondence of the publishers are the best guarantee for the continuance of the enterprise in which they are now about to embark, as well as for the abundance of the materials to give it value in the eyes of the public. As far as judicious selection and arrangement are concerned, readers will, it is hoped, have reason to be fully satisfied, as the editor of the Library is not a stranger to them, but has more than once obtained their favourable suffrages for his past literary efforts.
The work will be published in weekly numbers, in stitched covers, each number containing twenty imperial octavo pages, with double columns, making two volumes annually, of more than 520 octavo pages, each volume, and at the expiration of every six months, subscribers will be furnished with a handsome title page and table of contents. The whole amount of matter furnished in a single year, will be equal to more than forty volumes of the common sized English duodecimo books.
The paper upon which the Library will be printed, will be of the finest quality used for book work, and of a size eligibly adapted for binding. As the type will be entirely new, and of a neat appearance, each volume, when bound, will furnish a handsome as well as valuable, and not cumbrous addition to the libraries of those who patronize the work.
The price of the Library will be Five Dollars per annum, payable in advance.
A commission of 20 per cent. will be allowed to agents, and any agent, or postmaster furnishing five subscribers, and remitting the amount of subscription, shall be entitled to the commission of 20 per cent. or a copy of the work for one year.
A specimen of the work, or any information respecting it, may be obtained by addressing the publishers, post paid.
Editors of newspapers, to whom this prospectus is forwarded, will please insert the above as often as convenient, send a copy of their paper containing the advertisement marked, and entitle themselves to a free exchange for one year.
Address E. L. CAREY & A. HART, Philadelphia.
july 25—3t

Brandywine, Chalybeate
SPRINGS, VIA WILMINGTON.

THE STEAM BOAT WILMINGTON, Captain Henry Read, leaves Dock street wharf daily at 2 o'clock P. M., for Wilmington, carriages, with excellent horses and careful drivers are provided, immediately upon her arrival, to convey passengers to this celebrated Establishment.
Fare through to the Springs, $1 25. All baggage at the risk of the owner. Breakfast and dinner provided on board.
july 11—tf

LEHIGH COAL
$4 75 PER TON.
THE LEHIGH COAL & NAVIGATION COMPANY, offer for sale their soft free burning Coal, an excellent article, either in large lumps or egg size, at the low price of $4 75 per ton of 2240 lbs., delivered without charge for carrying, to any part of the city of Philadelphia or adjoining districts.
They also offer their superior Hard Coal at fifty cents additional, or $5 25 per ton, delivered as above mentioned.
Orders will be received at the Company's Office, No. 26 South Second street. Also, at their Northern Coal Yard, Front street above Callowhill, and at their Southern Yard, corner of Schuylkill and Walnut streets. may 13—tf

SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
No. 29 North Second Street.
THE GIRARD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION, chartered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, will open their Savings Institution, at No. 29 North Second Street, on Wednesday, the first of July next.
PRESIDENT.
[illegible]
MANAGERS.
Timothy Allison, [illegible]
[illegible]
TREASURER AND SECRETARY.
[illegible]
Regular weekly depositors of from $1 to $5 to receive interest at 5 per cent. per annum, or they may convert the same into stock at the end of [illegible] until the whole amount of stock then appropriated shall be taken.
Sums from fifty to five hundred dollars, to remain from one month to three months, receive an interest at the rate of three per cent. per annum.
Sums of five dollars and upwards, to remain at least three months, four per cent. per annum. No interest allowed on sums under five dollars, nor on any fraction of a dollar.
Deposites to be withdrawn at pleasure, will be received, but no interest will be allowed thereon.
Twenty days notice to be given previous to withdrawing deposites, the interest ceasing on the day such notice is given.
Office open daily on week days, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., and weekly deposites received on Mondays.
BENJAMIN W. RICHARDS, President.
GEORGE W. [illegible], Treasurer and Secretary.
june 27—3mo

The Lady's Book,
For July—was Published on the 1st inst.
THIS No. commences a new volume, and contains one of the plates of Fashions which has rendered this work so celebrated; also, the Fashions of the Olden time. Five similar plates will be given this year. $3 per annum, payable in advance.
Every No. contains a steel engraving, and a plate of Fashions, elegantly coloured; two pages of Music; two engravings of distinguished authors, [illegible] subjects, or views of remarkable places.
GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.—Under this head will be published, likenesses of distinguished authors in this country and in Europe. Already have been published [illegible] likenesses of Bulwer, Brougham, Hogg, and [illegible], and the following are now ready for press, and will be published, two in each number, until the whole is completed: [illegible] Lewis, Moore, Coleridge, Bulwer, [illegible] Miss Steel, Jane Porter, Campbell, Rogers, and [illegible]. A fac simile of Washington's hand writing [illegible] will be given in the August number. Also, steel engraving of the Parting Hour, [illegible] Park Row, New York. [illegible]
[illegible]
If any agent should have extra Nos. of vol. 10 on hand that he cannot use, he will confer a particular favor on the publisher by returning them immediately, accompanied with a letter stating the number sent and who they are from. [illegible]
L. A. GODEY & Co.
july 25—1t* 7 Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

To Let
A Convenient and pleasant dwelling House, No. 34 New St. Apply at No. 260 North Second street, near Noble.
july 18—3t*

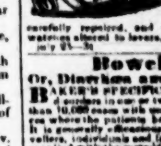
Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal.
FAMILIES supplied with Lehigh & Schuylkill Coal, of superior quality, by WM. F. MEARS,
june 27—3m if No. 295 Market st., Girard's Row.

An Apprentice Wanted
TO the Printing Business. He must be able to read correctly, and about 14 years of age. Apply at J. Van Court's Book and Job Printing Office, 27 Market street, Philadelphia.
july 18—3t

Henry Schaeffer's
SOAP AND CANDLE MANUFACTORY, No. 84 Race street, between 2d and 3d streets, Philadelphia, where he manufactures white, brown, yellow and fancy scented soaps, also, soft soap of good quality. He also manufactures mould and dipt candles and rush lights.
Country merchants will please call at the above place, where they can be supplied at the shortest notice, and at moderate prices.
Lime for sale as above.
N. B.—Tallow and Fat bought at the Market price.
july 18—4t* if

Fire Engine.
FOR sale a seven inch chamber fire engine in complete order. Apply to J. Bates, No. 13 Drinkers Alley.
july 18—4t*

Richard J. Hamilton,



RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has commenced the [illegible] business [illegible] No. [illegible] South Fourth street, [illegible] Market street, where he has constantly on hand, a general assortment of [illegible] carefully repaired, and warranted. Horizontal and plain watches altered to levers, and warranted to perform well.
july 25—3t

Bowel Complaint
Or, Diarrhœa and Cholera Morbus Cured.
BAKER'S SPECIFIC, which offers a cure of the above disorders [illegible]
[illegible]
july 25

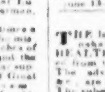
O'Ferrall's Coffee House.
THE proprietors of this highly patronized and long established establishment at the well known Berkley Springs, Morgan County, Virginia, have the pleasure again, at the commencement of the Bathing season, to announce that they will be prepared to receive and accommodate [illegible]
[illegible]
As the buildings this year in the occupancy of the subscribers, enable them to do an enlarged business, and that every possible accommodation may be extended to visitors, three able, attentive, and experienced assistants have been engaged for the season, one of whom Mr. [illegible] Ogden, already known to a number of the visitors at those springs, will assist the subscriber, John O'Ferrall, in his duties generally.
The lovers of good health are invited to pay a visit to the Berkley Springs, and from such as appreciate the motive, and earnest disposition to oblige and accommodate in the best way possible in the country, the proprietors of the Coffee House expect a share of that liberal patronage which has heretofore been liberally extended, and for which they again renew their warmest acknowledgments.
FRANCIS O'FERRALL,
JOHN O'FERRALL.
N. B. The drawing room is furnished with a first rate toned Piano Forte. The attendance of a Band of Music is procured. On the premises of the Coffee House is a Ten pin Alley, 100 feet long, and under a good roof, with a Bar attached, which is furnished with sweet meats, ice creams, &c. &c., to suit Ladies and Gentlemen. Chairs are furnished for the use of those who wish to enjoy that healthy exercise. Riding horses can be furnished to such as wish to view the neighbouring rural scenery.
Hacks and stages at all times ready at Hancock to convey company to the Bath. Fresh BEDFORD and SARATOGA WATERS at the Bar for all persons who wish to use them.
july 18—3mo

Rand's Introduction
To Penmanship—in Eight Parts.
JUST published and for sale at the principal Book Stores, and by the author, No. 106 South Ninth street. By the use of this set of books, Teachers will be entirely relieved from the drudgery of setting copies and ruling book. They embrace all the principles of writing, and their various combinations both solid and in outline. They are peculiarly calculated to save the time of both teacher and pupil. In order to give them an extensive circulation, they will be sold as low as blank books of the same quality usually are. They will be found particularly useful to the junior pupils in large schools, and the higher numbers may be used with great advantage by the more advanced pupils.
Also, for sale as above, Rand's System of Penmanship, complete and bridged, a new set of Alphabetical Copies, the American Penman, &c. july 4—6t*if

Steam Engine Manufactory,
And Iron Foundry.
JACOB GREEN & Co. respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have commenced the above business, in Penn street, a few doors above Marsh street, Kensington, (late Johnson & Canfield's establishment) and are now prepared to execute orders for Steam Engines on the high or low pressure principle, of any power. Also, Steam Saw Mills for both steam and wood, copper-plate and other presses, sugar mills, on the most approved plans, a number of which are now in operation, and can be satisfactorily referred to. Castings of every description and weight, executed in the best manner, and at the shortest notice.
june 13—3m

SEA BATHING.
THE large and convenient Boarding House, opposite Manahawkin, called by the name of the MANSION OF HEALTH, in the county of Monmouth, N. J., will be opened from the 8th day of July, for the reception of visitors. The advantages for Bathing, Gunning, Sailing, Fishing, &c. are equal to those of any other situation on the coast. The subscriber will spare neither time nor expense in furnishing his table with a choice and plentiful variety of flesh, fish and fowl, and the bar with wines and liquors of a superior quality. In short, every exertion in his power will be made to render the Mansion of Health agreeable, and to render general satisfaction to visitors. The Ice house is filled, and ample provision is made for a full supply of Shell Fish.
For further particulars inquire at Arch Street Ferry, or of Edward H. Budd, Mount Holly. Price of board per week five dollars.
HUDSON BUZBY.
The house will be opened through the Gunning Season.
june 13—2m

Chester County Hotel.



THE subscriber has removed into his large and new Hotel, at the corner of Market and Church streets, West Chester. This building is 70 feet in front, and 95 feet deep, with upwards of 40 parlors and lodging rooms. Many of the lodging rooms have convenient parlors attached to them, and are well adapted to the use of private families. The situation of the borough of West Chester is one of the most healthy in this state. The car leaves Philadelphia every day at 7 o'clock in the morning, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon; it returns from West Chester to the city at the same hours, making two trips every day. Every arrangement will be made for travellers in their own vehicles. The stabling is large and convenient, and there are suitable carriage houses and sheds erected. Conveyance will be kept at all times to convey persons to the Yellow and Hopewell Springs, and [illegible]
june 6—7t* WILLIAM EVERHART.

Edward W. David—Dentist,
And Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth,
may 30—6m No. 204 Arch street, above Eighth.

A Partner Wanted.
A PARTNER, with a capital of about $500, is wanted in a Locksmith and Bell Hanging Establishment, and Manufactory of Fire Proof Chests. It is immaterial whether the person understands the trade or not, but he is willing to attend strenuously to the concern. Apply to
HUGH MOORE,
feb 28—tf 108 Lombard street, Philadelphia.

R. F. & R. W. HILL,
Coffin Makers and general Furnishing Undertakers, No. 58 Lombard street, second door below Third street.
COFFINS ready made of all patterns. Also, Ice-Boxes, and a one and two horse Hearse.
N. B.—Attendance at all hours. ap 4—6m*if

"The Philanthropist."
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, is published by J. Stuart, on every Saturday, at No. 3 Library street, and is devoted to Temperance, Education, Prison Discipline, Pauper Reform, Industry, Literature, General News, including Religious and Political Facts, without sectarian or party views. Size of sheet, double medium. Price $2 per annum in advance. ap 18—tf

Stock.
BLANK POWERS OF ATTORNEY & TRANSFERS, suitable for taking Stock, may be obtained at this office, 28 Carter's Alley, at half the usual prices.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

MY AUNT.

My aunt has many queer notions,
She never bottom her head;
She declares that the Bulwer novels
Are things not fit to be read;
She thinks that to flirt is a crime—
And especially with youth;
And she thinks the "Paradise Lost,"
In every syllable truth.

My aunt has got to her spectacles,
"Though without them she sees well enough;
She is very well versed in politics,
And thinks your poetry stuff;
She imagines that all the clergymen
Are as wise as wise can be;
She thinks that Pope is a poet—
But there she agrees with me.

She dreams she can tell the mark that is left
On my cousin's lips by a kiss;
And of all her antic theories
I am sure not to meddle with this;
She might tell the track of a bird through the air,
Or the track of a ship on the sea—
Or the viewless heart, not the visible lip,
The stamp of a kiss will be!

Can she Spin?—A young girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages—"I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but pray tell me, can she spin?"

A Chip of the Old Block.—Charles Mathews being asked what he was going to do with his son, (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect) —"Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to draw houses like his father."

Schoolmaster Wanted.—The following is a literal copy of a letter lately sent to a medical gentleman: "Sir—Yule oblige of yule kum an se me I hev a Bad hoved on Hil in my Bow Hills and hay hev lost my Happy Tight."

Con. by a Peer.—Why are a miser's fingers like a proviso? Give it up? Because they are the saving clause.

A waggish candidate coming in the course of his canvass to a tailor's shop. "What we look for here," said he, "are measures, not men."

Borrowing.—"My marm wants to know if your marm will lend my marm your marm's pick-axe to make our bag a hen coop?" "Oh, certainly—and when you go home just ask your mother if she'll be kind enough to lend us a keg of that firkin butter she bought to-day, that's a nice little man; and just clean us a mess of them pouts and eels that your father caught this afternoon, and bring them down with the butter, my dear—and I'll certainly give you the first bright cent I find in the ashes." "I guess on the whole," said the boy, "we shan't want that pick-axe of yours."—*Dedham Patriot.*

Ridgway and Girard were engaged in some speculation together, which caused a rupture between them, and excited very angry feeling. "In a passion Mr. R. declared he could buy and sell Girard!" "Yes, by gar," said Girard, "if you did buy me, you would *have* to sell me; but *I can buy and keep you!*" Mr. R. felt his impotence in such a struggle, with such a man; and with chagrin, illy concealed turned upon his heel and left the great money king.

A shrewd little fellow belonging to the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, being asked at an exhibition, "Why do you come here?" replied, "In my opinion, we have come here to make a show, and get praise."

A layman in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of a Deity—"Brethren—I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for a certainty, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels, fresh, superfine, which I will sell as low as any person in town."—*Alb. Daily Adv.*

Boiling Coffee.—Not long since, on board one of our Lake boats, through the neglect of the cook, the coffee came on the table unsettled, to the great annoyance of those who preferred coffee to tea. During the repast, an old gentleman in conversation with the captain, observed that he was much amused coming up the North River; after landing at Coxsackie, the Durban came around ringing his bell; "Gentlemen who come on board at Coxsackie, please step up to the captain's office and settle." "A good idea," quoth a wag at the far end of the table; "I say, waiter, take this coffee up to the captain's office."—*Lowell Times.*

ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Almost every one is acquainted with the circumstance of the taking of General Prescott, the then commanding officer of the British forces on Rhode Island, by Capt. Barton, of Providence. He was exchanged for General Lee, who was previously captured by the British.

Shortly after his exchange he returned to Rhode Island, and was invited to dine on board the Admiral's ship, with many other officers of the highest grade.—General Prescott was naturally a haughty imperious man, and as a commander, was very unpopular with his officers and soldiers, and with the citizens of Newport, but was a brave and skilful officer.

It was often the case that boys as well as men were sent from the town on board the Admiral's ship for any offence, and confined there for some time, by the arbitrary authority of those in power. Martial Law was the law of the place. A small lad about 13 years of age was placed in this situation, previous to General Prescott's return, and was on board, with many others, at the time the General dined there. He did not know General Prescott.

After dinner the wine circulated freely, and a toast and a song were repeatedly called for. In the course of the evening the first Lieutenant observed to the Admiral, who was a real jolly son of Neptune, that there was a yankee lad on board who would shame all their singing.

"Bring him up here," says Prescott. The boy was accordingly brought into the cabin. The Admiral called on him to give them a song. The little fellow being somewhat intimidated by gold-laced coats, epaulets, &c., replied "I can't sing any songs but yankee songs." The Admiral perceiving that he was embarrassed, ordered the steward to give him a glass of wine, saying, "come, my little fellow, dont be frightened, give us one of your yankee songs." General Prescott spoke in his usual haughty imperious manner "you d—d young rebel, give us a song, or I'll give you a dozen." The Admiral interfered and assured the lad that he should be set at liberty the next day, "if he would give them a song, any one he could recollect."

The following doggerel, written by a sailor of Newport, was then given, to the great amusement of the company.

"Twas on a dark and stormy night
The winds and waves did roar,
Bold Barton then with twenty men
Went down unto the shore.

And in a whale-boat they set off
To Rhodes' Island fair,
To catch a red-coat General
Who then resided there.

Through British fleets, and guard boats strong,
They held their dang'rous way,
Till they arrived unto the port;
And then did not delay.

A tawny son of Afric's race
Them through the ravine* led,
And entering then the Overing-house†
They found him in his bed.

But to get in they had no means,
Except poor Cuffee's head,
Who beat the door down, then rush'd in,
And seiz'd him in his bed.

Stop, let me put my breeches on,
The Gen'ral then did pray,
Your breeches, Massa, I will take,
For dress we cannot stay.

Then through rye stubble him they led,
With shoes and breeches none,
And placed him in their boat quite snug,
And from the shore were gone.

Soon the alarm was sounded loud,
The Yankees they have come,
And stolen Prescott from his bed,
And him they've carried home.

The drums were beat, sky rockets flew,
The soldiers shoulder'd arms,
And march'd around the grounds they knew,
Fill'd with most dire alarms.

But through the fleet, with muffled oars,
They held their devious way,
And landed him on Gaspee‡ point,
Where Britain held no sway.

When unto land they came,
Where rescue there was none,
"A d—d bold push," the Gen'ral said,
"Of pris'ners, I am one."

There was a general shout of all the company during the whole song, and at the close, one who was a prisoner on board at the time, observed, he "thought the deck would come through with the stamping and cheering."

General Prescott joined most heartily in the merriment. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he handed the boy a guinea, saying, "here you young dog is a guinea for you." The boy was set at liberty the next morning.

This anecdote is often related by an aged gentleman now living in Newport.

*There is a deep ravine leading from the shore to the house which was occupied by General Prescott.

†Mr. Overing, was a Tory and owned the house in which General Prescott resided.

‡He was landed on Narragansett shore near Warwick.

DEER GRAZING.

The stag is the most beautiful of the deer kind, if we take into consideration the elegance of his form, the lightness of his motions, the flexibility of his limbs, and his bold branching horns, which have three antlers, all curving upwards, the summit forming a crown of snags, from a common centre. His eyes are large, bold, and expressive, and are furnished with lachrymal sinuses; the fur is reddish-brown in summer, and brownish-gray in winter; the hind quarters are of a pale buff.

It is said that formerly the horns of stags grew into a much greater number of ramifications than at the present day; this is attributed by some to the greater profusion of food, and from the animal having more repose, before population became so dense. In some individuals, these multiplied to an extraordinary extent. There is one in the Museum of Hesse Cassel, with twenty-eight antlers. Cuvier mentions one of sixty-six, or thirty-three on each horn. This stag was killed by the first king of Prussia. The stag begins to shed his horns in the latter part of February, or beginning of March, when he retires to thickets, and remains till the horns are completely restored. Soon after the old horns have fallen off, a soft tumour begins to appear, which is quickly covered with a velvet-like substance. From this, every day little buds shoot forth, like the grafts of a tree, and, rising by degrees, spring out the antlers on each side; the skin continues to cover it for some time, and is furnished with blood-vessels, which supply the growing horn with nourishment, and occasion the furrows observable in them when the covering is stripped off. When the horns are full grown, they acquire strength and solidity, and the velvet covering, or skin, with its blood-vessels, dries up, and begins to fall off; which is facilitated by the animal rubbing them against trees. The hind is gravid eight months and some days, and produces a single fawn, in May or June.

The full-grown stag is from three feet six inches to four feet high at the shoulders, and the horns rise nearly three feet above the head. He is said to be very long lived; but late observation limits the period of his existence to twenty years.

The stag inhabits every part of Europe except Lapland; he is not rare in several parts of England and Scotland, and is met with in a wild state in Ireland. Stag hunting has been a favourite pastime from remote antiquity. He is a strong animal, capable of running a long time, and of making stout defence when overtaken. In Britain, large tracts of land were anciently set apart for making forests to shelter stags, and even villages and sacred edifices were destroyed, and converted into a wide waste. In the reign of William Rufus and Henry I. it was considered more criminal to kill a beast of chase than a human being.

Anecdotes. Among the varied, novel, and diversified experiments of sporting nature, performed by the late Lord Orford, perhaps none was more eccentric than his determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses; and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys on the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to New-Market, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase with "breast-high" alacrity. The novelty of the scene was rich beyond description. In vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill; in vain did his well-trained groom energetically endeavour to ride before him; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind. Luckily, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at New-Market, which was most happily at hand, and to this his most fervent prayers had been ardently directed. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the consternation of hostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty but that of amazement. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and the driver, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

Some years since, a stag, which had afforded Lord Derby's hounds a fine run, leaped a boarded gate into a gentleman's grounds with a spiked roller on the top of it, the height of the gate and roller being eight feet four inches. What made this great feat of animal power more remarkable, the deer was apparently run down at the time, with the hounds snatching at his haunches as he came down the road from whence he took the leap.

Pleasures of Travelling.—As there is a large class of our readers who are precluded by business or some other awkward circumstance, such as a light purse or having notes to pay for instance, from enjoying the imaginary delight of visiting West Point, the Mountain House, Saratoga Springs, Niagara Falls, the White Mountains, Nahant, and the Sea Serpent, we have determined to administer to them all the consolation in our power. For this purpose we have been at great pains to make a collection of all the miseries attending the search after pleasure, with the benevolent view of reconciling those fortunate people who think themselves very unfortunate in being confined to a comfortable home and an agreeable domestic circle, of their fate.

First. *Raising the wind*, by going to a broker and paying a premium of one or two per cent a month for money. Borrowing it of a friend under the high pressure of great doubts whether we shall ever be able to pay him—or appropriating what fairly belongs to the tailor, to travelling expenses. N. B. Many people are so used to these modes that they don't mind it; but very particular persons like our worthy readers, who are obliged to stay at home, have conscientious scruples.

Second. Getting up two or three hours before one's usual time; dressing in a great hurry, trundling off to the steamboat and when we get there, finding our trunk has dropped off from behind the carriage and losing our passage for that day.

Third. Waiting with infinite impatience for breakfast, and finding the tables all full, when we get down into the cabin. Going up again and solacing our melancholy by reading a new novel and coming too late for the second table—at last sitting down between two hardened villains as hungry as wolves, who take toll from every dish within reach—stick their knife and fork into fish, flesh and fowl indiscriminately, and while gazing in astonishment at their trencher feats, to discover all at once that the table has been cleared away, by the Doctor Pedro Portive Snatchaway of the steamboat.

Fourth. Having a wretch switch away your trunk for safe keeping, and when you want to go ashore not being able to find the fellow or your trunk, by which means you lose your passage in the stage, to the Springs, and are obliged to bore a whole day in Albany, laughing at the jokes of mine host of the Eagle.

Fifth. Arriving at Saratoga and getting lodgings among the fashionables—being shut up in a seven by nine room, opening on a large passage common to the whole house, and never quiet day or night—getting up at six in the morning and groping your way through a fog to the spring, and drinking water till your head is like to split into atoms, under pretence of its being good for your health—getting no sleep except in the day time—getting no body to admire or fall in love with you—getting no partner in the dance—getting tired to death—and getting into a stage to go somewhere else to be equally tired.

Sixth. Riding on a rail-road, which is nearly equivalent to riding on a rail; or being crowded on a hot day in a steamboat with eight or nine hundred people—arriving at Albany in a heavy shower after dark, and not admit to look for lodgings—finding them at last in a little room six stories high and as hot as purgatory. Roasting all night and thinking of a comfortable bed at home.

Seventh. Breaking down in the stage—having a horse knocked up or getting the blind staggers half a dozen miles from a tavern, raising pitchforks all the time—swearing at the driver, his horse, his master, and consigning the whole concern to kingdom—finally, being obliged to put up with the whole matter, and having the consolation that you have sworn a great deal to no purpose, and got into a passion for nothing.

Eighth. Being obliged to eat a dinner at some infernal rural village, got up in the true spirit of rustic cookery, achieved by an article who toasts meats to a cinder, butters it to fanaticism, and forcibly reminds you of the old proverb about the devil sending cooks, &c.

Ninth. Travelling so fast from one place to another, that you remember nothing of the country through which you pass, getting up before daylight and riding after dark—arriving at the hotel late—eating a huge supper—going right to bed, getting the nightmare and dreaming of being smothered in onions.

Tenth. Scraping acquaintance with an exceedingly polite gentleman with a travelled air, and paying with your pocket book, for the honour of his company—or getting very thick with a fellow just out of the State Prison—or being seized by the button by a politician, who insists upon your arguing the question of the tariff and internal improvements—or what is worse than all, being beleaguered by a villain with his head full of canals and rail-roads, whose tongue goes faster than a locomotive, and yet never arrives at the end of its journey.

Eleventh. Fleas—bugs—musquitoes—feather beds—equivocal sheets—cracking bedsteads—dirty waiters—dusty roads—lame horses—superannuated stages—drunken drivers—meat swimming in grease—new whiskey—sour wine—sweet vinegar—heavy bread—musty coffee—oily butter—tough mutton—tough chickens—tough waiters and tough landlords—rainy days, weather bound at the tavern with nothing but the almanac, the book of martyrs with horrible wood cuts, or an old country newspaper, to pore over—and every now and then tantalized with a clear prospect of clear weather, winding up with a pelting shower—sitting on the top of a canal boat and being knocked over by a bridge—to be thrown, in short out of all your usual habits, deprived of all your accustomed comforts, debarred from all your favorite amusements and occupations—to lose your time and spend your cash to no purpose—to be tired to death, bored to death, and worried to annihilation—to have no comfort abroad—and to return home with a full conviction of the truth of the old proverb, about "a fool and his money." Heaven and earth!—who would be a traveller that had any other home than an Indian's hut or a Laplander's cave, and any other mode of killing time except hanging himself!

ROYAL DINNER PARTIES.

The following is an account of the manner in which Peter the Great entertained dinner parties, found in a manuscript of Dr. Birch, among the Sloane papers in the British Museum:—

"There are twenty-four cooks belonging to the kitchen of the Russian court, who are all Russians; and as the people of that nation use a great deal of onion, garlic, and train oil in dressing their meat, and employ linseed and walnut oil for their provisions, there is such an intolerable smell in their kitchen, that no stranger is able to bear it—especially, the cooks being such nasty fellows, that the very sight of them is enough to turn one's stomach. These are the men who in great festivals, draw about seventy or eighty or more dishes. But the fowls which are for the Tzar's own eating, are very often dressed by his grand marshal, Alsufief, who is running up and down, with his apron before him, among the other cooks, till it is time to take up dinner, when he puts on his fine clothes and his full bottomed wig, and helps to serve up the dishes. The number of the persons invited is commonly two or three hundred—though there is room for no more than about a hundred, at four or five tables. But as there is no place assigned to any body, and none of the Russians are willing to go home with an empty stomach, everybody is obliged to seize his chair and hold it with all his force, if he will not have it snatched from him. The Tzar, being come in, and having chosen a place for himself, there is such scuffling and fighting for chairs, that nothing more scandalous can be seen in any country—though the Tzar does not mind it in the least, nor care for putting a stop to such disorder, pretending that ceremony and the formal regulation of a marshal, make company eat uneasy, and spoil the pleasure of conversation. Several foreign ministers have complained of this to the Tzar, and refused to dine any more at court. But all the answer they got, was, that it was not the Tzar's business to turn master of the ceremonies and please foreigners, nor was it his intention to abolish the freedom once introduced. This obliged strangers for the future to follow the Russian fashion in defending the possession of their chairs, by cuffing and boxing their opposer. The company thus sitting down to table without any manner of grace, they all sit so crowded together, that they have much ado to lift their hands to their mouths. And if a stranger happens to sit between two Russians, which is commonly the case, he is sure of losing his stomach, though he should have eaten nothing before for two days. Carpenters and shipwrights sit next to the Tzar, but ministers, senators, generals, priests, sailors, buffoons of all kinds, sit pell-mell, without any distinction. The first course consists of nothing but cold meats, among which are jaws, dried tongues, and the like, which not being liable to such tricks as shall be mentioned hereafter, strangers ordinarily make their whole meal of them, without tasting any thing else, though, generally speaking, every one takes his dinner before hand, at home.

Soups and roasted meats make the second course and pastry the third. As soon as one sits down, one is obliged to drink a cup of brandy; after which they ply you with great glasses full of adulterated tokay, and other vitiated wines, and between whiles a bumper of the strongest English beer, by which mixture of liquors every one of the guests is fuddled before the soup is served up. The company being in this condition, make such a noise, racket, and hallooing, that it is impossible to hear one another, or even the music which is playing in the next room, consisting of a sort of trumpets and cornets, and with the revelling noise and uproar the Tzar is extremely diverted, particularly if the guests fall to boxing and get bloody noses. Formerly the guests had no napkins given them; but instead of it, they had a piece of very coarse linen given them by a servant, who brought in the whole piece under his arm and cut off half an ell for every person, which they were at liberty to carry home with them, for it had been observed that these pilfering guests used constantly to pocket the napkins. But at present two or three Russians must make shift with but one napkin, which they pull and haul for, like hungry dogs for a bone. Each person of the company has but one plate during dinner, so if some Russian does not care to mix the sauces of the different dishes together, he pours the soup that is left in his plate, either into the dish, or into his neighbour's plate, or even under the table; after which he licks his plate clean with his finger, and last of all wipes it with the table cloth. The tables are each 30 or 40 feet long and but two and a half broad. Three or four messes of one and the same course are served up to each table. The desert consists of divers sorts of pastry and fruits, but the Tzarina's table is furnished with sweet meats. However, it is to be observed, that these sweetmeats are set out only on great festivals for a show, and that the Russians of the best fashion have nothing for their dessert, but the produce of the kitchen garden, (as peas, beans, &c.) all raw. At great entertainments it frequently happens that nobody is allowed to go out of the room from noon till midnight. Hence it is easy to imagine what a pickle a room must be in that is full of people who drink like beasts and none of them escape being dead drunk. They often tie eight or ten young mice on a string, and hide them under green pease, or in such soups as the Russians have the greatest appetite to, which sets them a kicking and vomiting in a most beastly manner, when they come to the bottom and discover the trick. They often bake cats, wolves, ravens and the like in their pastries, and when the company have ate them up, they tell them what stuff they have been devouring. The present butler is one of the Tzar's buffoons to whom he has given the name of Wiaschi with this privilege that if any body else calls him by that name, he has leave to drub them with his wooden sword. If, therefore, any body call out Wiaschi upon the Tzar's setting them on, as the fellow does not know exactly who it was, he falls a beating them all round, without excepting even the ladies, whom he strips of their head clothes as he does the old Russians of their wigs which he tramples upon; on which occasion it is pleasant enough to see the variety of their bald pates. Besides this employment at the entertainments, the said Wiaschi is also surveyor of the ice, and executioner for torturing people; on which occasion he gives them the knout himself, and his dexterity in this business has already procured him thirty thousand thalers, the sixth part of the confiscated estates of the sufferers being his perquisite.

THINGS I LIKE HIGHLY.—A ride in a stage, jammed up between five old maids and five old bachelors—the former taking snuff and the latter smoking or chewing—the air is so aromatic.

To wear a new hat in the rain—when one has loaned his umbrella.

To hear a saw filing, when one has the tooth-ache.

To see a young lady turn round half a dozen times, when she has passed by—merely to see if one is disposed to notice her.

To hear a man who knows not a flat from a sharp, rubbing horse-hair over cat gut.

To wake up at night with the cholic, and hear a lot of dogs lugubriously howling.

To see a poor henpecked husband at the sunny side of a barn nibbling at a cracker or an apple, because afraid his wife would see him doing it in the house.

To see a fine sportsman knock down a humming bird with the butt end of his gun.

To see a man with a quizzing-glass take the dimensions of a lady's ancle *et cetera*, when he knows fashion has rendered short gowns necessary.

To hear a female voice speak in the meeting house by mistake, after the voices of the rest of the choristers have ceased.

To hear a man sing the beauty of ugliness, and by a *slapass slankum* speak of the beautiful pimples when he means dimples, on a lady's face.

To see an old bachelor in company, trying to conceal a hole in his stocking.

To laugh when a dog gets his head in a junk bottle, and can't get it out again.

To see ten unmarried daughters, from sixteen to forty sitting in the kitchen on a rainy day, five darning up old stockings, four knitting new ones, and the tenth watching from the window the motions of a dripping rooster under a cart.

To see a good old lady hunt all over the house for her glasses, and finally find them on her own nose.

To tumble all night in bed, by reason of the tooth-ache—and when one goes to get it extracted in the morning, to have the physician pull out the wrong tooth.

To see a fat gentleman in tight clothes laugh till his pantaloons crack.

To see a beau squeeze his feet into a couple of candle-moulds, and then complain of corns.

To hear that my old rival has got fastened to a shrew.

To see one man knock another down for calling him two thirds a fool, when all the world knows he is a whole one. *N. H. Eagle*

A Noble Sentiment.—The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs, the better I am pleased with them; insomuch that I can nowhere find so great satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits.—In indulging these feelings I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests.—*Washington*

RURAL ECONOMIST.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Make Yankee Bread.—Take two measures of Indian and one of rye meal, mix with milk or water, to the consistency of stiff hasty pudding, and add yeast—bake in iron pans or iron kettles four or five hours. Eat with fresh butter or other food, and if while warm, the better. Yankee bread is very good or very bad, according to the manner in which it is made. We commend it to dyspeptics. The Indian meal should be either bolted or sifted.

Spruce Beer.—Take three gallons of water, of blood warmth, three half pints of molasses, a table spoonful of essence of spruce, and the like quantity of ginger—mix well together with a gill of yeast; let stand over night, and bottle in the morning. It will be in good condition to drink in twenty-four hours. It is a palatable, wholesome beverage.

Rhubarb Pies.—Gather a bundle of the leaf-stocks, *quantum sufficit*—cut off the leaf and peel the stock of the thin epidermis—cut in quarter inch pieces, and lay them into the crust—cover well with sugar, and add nutmeg, orange-peel and spice to taste. The flavor is equal, and many deem it preferable to gooseberries. The pie-plant is perennial, herbaceous and very hardy. A dozen plants will afford a family a constant supply.

I was at old Fort Hunter, on the Susquehannah above Harrisburgh, in 1828. The highly respectable owner of this beautiful situation, Col. M'Allister, a gentleman of science and refined observation, treated my fellow-travellers and myself with great courtesy, and showed us some household conveniences worthy of imitation, and among others his Milk-house, Smoke-house and Clothes-line. I thought much of these, and have in part profited by my observation. That the readers of the Cultivator may profit also by these improvements, I will briefly detail them in part.

The Milk House—Was built on the north east side of a slope, near the well and not far from the mansion. It was composed of stout stone walls, and the roof, which rose six or eight feet above the surface of the ground, appeared to be covered with earth or tile, and was deeply shrouded with the scarlet trumpet creeper, (*Bignonia radicans*,) then in splendid bloom. The interior of the house, principally under ground was fitted up with cisterns, in which water stood nearly to the tops of the pans of milk, which were arranged in them. The house was entered by a flight of steps on the south, and there was a window on the north, which could be opened or darkened at pleasure, to give ventilation. For want of a natural spring, which many Pennsylvanians consider almost indispensable in a milk-house, the water was conducted in a pipe from the well pump, and after filling the cisterns to a certain height, passed off at the opposite side. The object was to obtain a cool temperature, in the heat of summer, which greatly facilitates the separation of the cream from the milk, and this object was amply effected, with the labor of working occasionally at the well pump.

The Smoke House.—Was a wooden octagon building, perhaps 16 feet in diameter, perfectly tight, except the door-way. The peculiarities of this building were, it was set a foot or more above the ground, and was perfectly dry, and bacon, hams, &c. were kept hanging around its walls all summer, without becoming damp or mouldy, or being injured by flies; and, in the second place, no fire was admitted into the building, the smoke being conveyed into it through a tube from the outside, where it was generated in a stove.

The Clothes Line.—We saw, had been six years in use, without sensible injury, though it had remained all this time in the open air. It had always been wound up, upon a small windlass, as soon as the clothes had been taken from it, where it was protected from the rain by a roof. Several posts, with notches near their tops, were placed in a range upon the grass plat, upon which the line could be drawn and fastened in two minutes, and from which it could be loosened and wound up in as short a time. It is but a small affair, but such small affairs make a large aggregate in ordinary life. "Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves."

Cisterns.—A correspondent at Bridgeton, N. J. (E. H. Holmes,) asks, "What kind of mortar should be used in constructing cisterns that will not leak?" We have had two built with brick and common lime mortar, the lime fresh burnt, and then well plastered on the inside with mortar made with water lime. They have remained tight hitherto. The most approved mode is to take for three parts of lime, one part of terras, ochre, ground iron ore, or smithy slack, (the dust of a blacksmith's shop,)—and blend them well with the sand in mortar.—*Cultivator.*

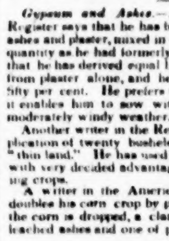
Gypsum and Ashes.—A writer in the Farmer's Register says that he has been in the habit of sowing ashes and plaster, mixed in equal parts, using the same quantity as he had formerly done of plaster alone, and that he has derived equal benefit from this mixture as from plaster alone, and he considers it a saving of fifty per cent. He prefers to have the ashes damp, as it enables him to sow with more regularity and in moderately windy weather.

Another writer in the Register recommends the application of twenty bushels of plaster to the acre on "thin land." He has used it on corn to that extent, with very decided advantage to that and the succeeding crops.

A writer in the American Farmer states that he doubles his corn crop by putting into each hill after the corn is dropped, a clam shell full of two parts of leached ashes and one of plaster.

Hops.—The cost of producing and marketing a crop of hops, has been computed, by those well acquainted with the business, not to exceed eight cents per pound; and the common yield at full fifteen hundreds pounds to the acre. The price in the market this year, is from eighteen to twenty cents per pound, yielding a nett profit to the farmer of full twelve cents on every pound of hops, after paying outlays of every description. This computation gives *one hundred and eighty dollars* clear income for every acre of land in growing hops.—*Sag-Harbor Telegraph.*

Superior Straw Cutter.
"Economy is Wealth."



THE subscriber has obtained, from the United States, letters patent for a Straw Cutter of recent invention, bearing date October 3, 1834, and also two separate patents of subsequent dates for improvement thereon. The machine possesses intrinsic advantages over every other Straw Cutter, some of which I will briefly state.

By a new arrangement of the knife and the parts with which it is connected, it has a considerable drawing motion, which is otherwise unattainable without counterbalancing disadvantage. This must evidently appear of considerable importance, it being a well known fact that all edged implements cut with much greater facility by having an oblique or drawing motion than a direct one.

The straw is fed to the knife by a new contrivance, which possesses important advantages over every other mode of feeding, inasmuch as it receives the straw more readily, does not admit a single straw to escape uncut, works much easier, and has not the least liability to choke.

These are the most important advantages which the machine possesses over others; but its capability of being regulated to cut the straw of any length by simply turning a screw, the knife being very easily set, with screws, the machine occupying but little space, and being very portable, are advantages not to be overlooked.

The machine is perfectly calculated to cut all substances usually cut in straw cutters. It is so easily operated that a boy of ten years of age may work it with facility.

Machines are for sale at the subscriber's manufactory, Lodge St. opposite the Pennsylvania bank, where one may be seen in operation. They are also on sale at the principal agricultural warehouses in this city. Price of a machine $30.

The Patent Right for New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Michigan and part of Pennsylvania is sold. The remainder is offered for sale by states, counties, or towns, on reasonable terms.

All letters addressed to the subscriber, post paid, will meet with prompt attention. STEPHEN USTICK.
july 18—3mo

The Consumption
Is Curable, with care and proper Remedies.

DR. RAFINESQUE, practices exclusively as a Pulmist, in Diseases of the Lungs, and is very successful. He has ascertained 60 kinds of Consumption, all requiring peculiar treatment, and has published a printed Guide, price $1. His remedies are many, the Pulmel the chief, is taken inwardly as a Syrup, and inhaled as a Balsam: it is fragrant and palatable. Price of his Remedies $5 for 100 doses. Verbal consultations, $1, written $5. All needful advice and remedies for an ordinary case $25, difficult cases in proportion. Letters and Remittances duly attended to.
Direct to DR. RAFINESQUE,
Office No. 110 North 10th street, Philadelphia.
july 11—tf

To Physicians and Druggists.

GEO. P. SHIVELY & Co. N. E. corner of 5th and Zane and Eighth streets, continue to manufacture and have constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Such as Amputating, Trepanning, Lithotomy, Pocket Cases, Dissecting, Teeth Instruments, &c. &c. which are warranted to be of the best materials and workmanship.
Orders from any part of the Union, promptly attended to.
N. B.—A liberal discount to wholesale dealers.
may 9—6m

Private Sale.

THE Subscriber offers at Private Sale a Small Farm, situate in Horsham Township, Montgomery county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jonathan Bright, John Frick and others, near the Bethlehem turnpike road, 20 miles from Philadelphia, and 11 from the Spring House Tavern, containing 20 acres and 32 perches of land. The situation is high and healthy, commands a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country, convenient to schools, mills and places of public worship. The land is in a good state of cultivation, having been recently limed—the whole is under a good fence and conveniently divided into small fields. The improvements consist of a log house, two rooms on the first floor and two on the second, a frame barn and other outbuildings, a well of excellent water near the door. There are also a variety of fruit trees, such as Apple, Peach, and Cherry. The payments may be made easy and an indisputable title will be given. For further information apply to the Subscriber residing thereon.
CHARLES EVANS.
july 18—[illegible]

Mrs. E. Kidder's Dysentery Cordial.

FOR the cure of CHOLERA MORBUS, DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA. An invaluable remedy for the above disorders, also for children that are teething. It has obtained an established reputation in the city of Boston, as will be seen by the respectable certificates of those persons who have been relieved by the use of it, which accompany each bottle. It is pleasant to the taste, and differs from any article of mineral substance or opiates, it can be taken at all times, and may be taken by either sex or age with perfect safety. Prepared and sold by Mrs. E. Kidder, No. 9 Poplar St. Boston, and for sale only in this city by FREDERICK BROWN'S Drug and Chemical Store, N. E. corner of Chesnut & 5th Sts.
july 18—3

Daring Robbery.

SOME villain secreted himself in the house of the subscriber, on the evening of the 29th of June, and during the night broke open a trunk, and robbed therefrom upwards of seventy dollars in silver, a brown bead purse, and sundry other articles, not marked, in a bed chamber where I and my mother were sleeping. Twenty dollars reward is offered for the recovery of the property. MARY ANN CALDWELL,
july 11—3t No. 7 Strawberry street.

Northern Liberties Riding School.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has again opened, back of No. 322 N. Front street, his Riding School, for the reception of ladies and gentlemen, the yard is pleasant and entirely private, the horses are gay, well broken and perfectly gentle, possessing all the variety of gaits suited to the comfort and ease of the rider. Persons desirous of attaining a knowledge of so pleasant and healthful an accomplishment, may calculate upon a course of instruction in the School without the least danger, and in a short time acquire a knowledge of horsemanship upon the most correct principles that will enable them to avoid the many accidents that so often occur to persons unacquainted with the treatment of these noble animals. To those wishing to ride for the benefit of their health, particular attention will be paid. Also, to hire on reasonable terms Horses and Gigs, Barouches, Dearborns, Carriages, and ladies and gentlemen's hackneys of the first quality. For terms apply to
no 18—6m THOMAS CRAIGE, No. 322 N. Front St.

Wm. D. Nolen, Surgeon Dentist,
And Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth,
No. 134 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.
mar 7 '35—1y

A Card.

W. L. HALLIFIELD, Surgeon Dentist, No. 161 Pine street, Philadelphia, respectfully informs the public, that he sets the incorruptible Porcelain Teeth of a superior quality, on fine Gold Plates, on moderate terms. Also, Teeth and Fangs extracted, Teeth plugged, filed and cleansed. All operations warranted.
Reference—Dr. George McClellan, Dr. John Eberle, and many testimonials from other gentlemen of the highest respectability, may also be perused. may 30—3m

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of the City and County of Philadelphia.
FELLOW CITIZENS—Having been recommended by a Town Meeting of my fellow citizens, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF of the City and County of Philadelphia, and respectfully solicit your support for the same at the ensuing Election—pledging myself, that if elected, I will endeavour to discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity. Yours, very respectfully,
JOSEPH SNYDER.
june 13—6m* No. 105 Walnut st. below 4th.

Vegetable Worm Lozenges.

THESE Lozenges can be recommended with confidence to the public, as a preparation well calculated to remove from those troublesome and dangerous vermin; and being in a palatable form, may be administered to children with greater ease and facility, than medicine of a nauseous nature. Their being purely vegetable, admits them to be given without that apprehension, where mercurial remedies have been used; and no medicine, after their employment, is necessary, as the combination of them embraces every thing that is requisite to their effect, for the prescribed intention. Sold wholesale and retail by the subscriber, No. 21 North Fourth street.
CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL.
They may also be had at the Southeast corner of Pine and Sixth streets, at Fred. Brown's druggist store, corner of 5th and Chesnut sts. at Wm. Biddle's, corner of 11th and Arch sts., and of Joseph Brooke, Kensington, opposite the market house.
ODONTALGICA.—A Medicine to relieve the Tooth Ache. These pills, prompt and efficacious in their action, give relief generally, on the introduction of one of them into the hollow of a decayed Tooth, in a very short time, and no injury results to the surrounding Teeth from the use of them. The advertiser having had ample proof, he conceives, of their efficacy in this complaint, offers them without hesitation as a valuable article to the community. To be had as above, No. 21 North Fourth street. june 6—6m

Wanted.

MRS. FATTEN, is in want of a first rate CORSET MAKER. Apply at her fashionable CORSET STORE, 81 Arch street. june 20—tf

R. S. Gilbert,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 42 PRUNE ST
above Fifth street. feb 9. '34—tf

Yellow Springs Hotel
And Boarding House.

THE proprietor of the above named establishment, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she has her establishment fitted up in complete order, and ready for the reception of company, and flatters herself, from long experience in business, to give satisfaction to all who may be pleased to favour her with a visit. The Baths are in excellent order. She deems it unnecessary to say any thing further in regard to the mineral quality of the waters, as they are generally known. MARGARET HOLMAN.
N. B.—A daily communication between the Yellow Springs and Philadelphia, will be continued during the season, by the way of the Columbia Rail Road, 26 miles of the distance, when a splendid coach, with good horses, will be in readiness to convey the passengers to the Springs. The Car will leave Broad street every morning at 8 o'clock, and arrive at the Springs at half-past 12 o'clock. Returning, leave the Springs at half past 9, and arrive in the city at 3 o'clock. Fare through $1 25. For seats, apply at the offices, White Swan, Race st. and at Red Lion, Market street above Sixth street.
june 27—6t*

To Farmers.

THE subscribers beg leave to call the attention of Farmers to their assortment of useful agricultural machines and implements—among which are the following: threshing machines, fanning mills, straw cutters of various kinds, corn shellers, curd mills, churns, clover mills, improved bee hives, grain cradles, scythes, scythe rifles, hay and manure forks, pruning saws and knife combined, cotton gins, and a variety of articles too numerous to mention, and useful all of which are for sale at the Agricultural Warehouse, 213 Market street, Philadelphia.
june 20—tf D. SLATER & CO.

For Sale.

THE lease of a first rate business stand for Blacksmithing, Stove making, boating Machine making, &c., with a good run of work, and all the tools included, for carrying on the above business, on moderate terms. Apply at No. 39 N. Sixth street. DAVID EVANS.
N. B.—The present proprietor declines the business, on account of being about to remove to the western country.
june 20—tf

A Card to Tailors.

FRANCIS MAHAN, practical tailor and teacher of the garment cutting, makes known to the community that Allen Ward, of the city of Philadelphia, publisher of the Tailor's Archetype, and inventor of the protractor system of garment cutting, by indenture bearing date the day of June 12th, 1835, conveyed to the subscriber full permission to use and publish all the principles contained in said publication, together with all and singular the instruments appertaining to his (Ward's) copy right and patent Protractor System. He therefore respectfully announces his intention to issue early in the ensuing autumn, the first of a series of semi-annual publications, to bear the title of Mahan's improvement and application of Ward's Protractor System of garment cutting. In the publication the result of ample experience as a tailor and fashioner will be communicated to the subscribers thereto, accurate drafts of the London and Philadelphia fashions, with directions for their use, together with protractor and scales will be contained in the first publication, as well as the additional measures, applied always with success by the Publisher, [illegible] skill to the learner and sound information to the more advanced.
The system as improved is designed to remove every difficulty heretofore in the way of the learner, inasmuch as practical experience will be united with theoretical science.—[illegible] and accuracy in fit with taste and fashion. The improvements &c. will be published every spring and fall, each publication will contain diagrams of every seasonable garment, with instructions for their use, practicable instructions in cutting by the publisher, or through an agent, will be imparted with the work for $10 for the first and for each subsequent year $5, to those already acquainted with the Protractor System, the Price will be but $3 in all cases, payable in advance. Letters from any part of the Union containing the amount of subscription will be answered by a copy of the work. Address
FRANCIS MAHAN.
july 11—3mo No. 215 Chesnut St. Philadelphia.

APPROVED MEDICINES,
Prepared & Sold at Marshall's Drug Store,
No. 312 Market Street, Philada.

THE following valuable and useful Medicines, accompanied with explicit directions for their use, may be had at this establishment, which embraces the compounding of Prescriptions, and the furnishing of Medicines, in whose purity and efficacy, perfect confidence may be placed.

Marshall's Concentrated Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla.

A valuable and effectual remedy for the cure of Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones, Tetter, Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swelling, obstinate Eruptions of the Skin, Pimples on the Face, Biles, Bruise Eruptions, Ulcers of the Throat and Legs, Piles, Diseases of the Liver, Syphilitic Symptoms, &c. and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood.

Marshall's Worm Syrup and Infant Preservative.

A safe and effectual Medicine for the destruction of Worms, and for preventing and removing many other disorders to which children are liable, such as Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa and Looseness, Vomiting and Purging, Pains in the Bowels, Green Stools, Pale, languid and emaciated appearance, &c. It is perfectly innocent, and may be given with the greatest safety to infants, and is so pleasant to the taste, that no child will refuse to take it.

Marshall's Cathartic Pills.

The benefit derived from the use of these Pills for many years past, has induced the Proprietor to recommend them to his friends and the public, as one of the most efficacious anti-bilious remedies ever discovered for the cure of Foul Stomach, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Bile Acidity, want of appetite, Nausea, Furred Tongue, Palpitation of the Heart, Swimming of the Head, yellowness of the Skin, and unpleasant dryness of the mouth, &c. They may be taken at all times, and are proper on the appearance of every disease that affect the human system, and in many cases, if timely administered, will effect a cure, and do away with the necessity of any further application.

Marshall's Compound Tonic Mixture,

Is recommended to persons residing in damp situations, where ague and fever prevail, not only as a preventive, but a certain cure for that troublesome complaint. Whole families in the most unhealthy places, have escaped by using this preparation, while their neighbours on every side were affected. Besides, being an excellent febrifuge, it is a most valuable remedy for general debility, loss of appetite, and a powerful tonic for restoring health and vigour to the constitution, after having been weakened by fever, or residence in a warm or unhealthy climate.

Hyle's Embrocation for Horses.

This Embrocation is recommended to farmers, keepers of livery stables, wagoners, stage contractors, and gentlemen owning horses, as a valuable cure for lameness, old strains, swellings, bruises, stiffness of the joints, galls produced by the collar and saddle. It very soon cures old or fresh wounds, cuts and bruises, and should be constantly kept in their stables.

N. B.—The above Medicines are to be had at MARSHALL'S DRUG STORE, No. 312 Market street, next door to the Western Bank, and the genuine will have the signature of the Proprietor affixed to them. july 11—eow3m

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THIS truly valuable remedy has been before the public for seven years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, or Phthisic, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects. The following certificates are offered for public examination:

CERTIFICATES.

In the winter of 1832 and 1833, I was seized with spitting of blood, which continued with occasional relief till spring. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took much medicine, but the relief obtained was only transient. In the spring I commenced taking the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. At this time I was unable to work. The day before I commenced with the Balsam, I raised about half a pint of blood, was oppressed with great hoarseness and a bad cough. I commenced taking the Balsam, thinking if this failed, I could resort to medicine no further; but I did not disappoint my expectations. All the unfavourable symptoms were immediately relieved, the cough cured, and I have not been troubled with spitting of blood since. I am now able to resume my trade, (that of a rope-maker) which I had given up without any expectation of returning to it. WM. GODFREY.
Roxbury, Mass. Aug. 28, 1833.

I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with considerable success in an obstinate complaint of the lungs, attended with a severe cough, loss of voice, and the raising of much blood, which had previously resisted many other prescriptions. After using the Balsam one week, the patient's voice returned, and he was enabled to speak audibly. This case occurred some time since, and the man is now engaged not only in business, but in laborious business. Respectfully yours, &c.
SAMUEL MORRILL, M. D.
Concord, N. H. Jan. 20, 1834.

In October, 1830, I was attacked with a cough, accompanied with a severe pain in the side and difficulty of breathing. I resorted to several remedies, but without effect. In January, 1831, I was attended by a skilful physician, and subsequently received the advice of several others, but the disease steadily increased, the cough was incessant, attended with a bloody expectoration; my flesh was wasted, my feet swollen, and my strength extremely reduced. In April, my case seemed utterly hopeless. I was told by my physician that there could be no further service to me, and it was not expected by any of my friends that I could survive a month. In this situation my daughter procured a bottle of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, (which she had heard highly recommended for similar complaints,) and prevailed on me to make trial of it. It gave me immediate relief, and one bottle effected a cure. I have since been able to attend to my business, except in the case of common colds.
Boston, March 1, 1832. SAMUEL EVERETT.

☞ *Particular Caution.*—Each genuine bottle is enclosed in a blue wrapper, on which is a yellow label signed SAMPSON REED. * * None other can be genuine. The great celebrity of the genuine Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, has been the cause of attempts to introduce spurious articles, which by partially assuming the name of the genuine, are calculated to mislead and deceive the public. Among these spurious mixtures are the "American Pulmonary Balsam," "Vegetable Pulmonary Balsamic Syrup," &c. ☞ Purchasers should inquire for the article by its whole name, and see that it has the marks and signature of the genuine.
For sale by L. Thompson, northwest corner of Market and Second streets; Edmund Pryor, corner of Green and Front streets; F. Brown, corner of 5th and Chesnut streets; I. W. Fackwire, South Second street, opposite German; Reeve & Smith, corner of Sixth and Market; Samuel F. Griffith, 20 North Eighth street. [illegible]

Looking Glasses,
At Auction Prices.

THE subscribers manufacture all kinds of Looking Glasses, with Gilt, Mahogany and Pine Frames, and sell them as low as they can be sold at Auction or in the Auction rooms. Any size or description manufactured to order. Plates separate from the Frames, at the lowest prices.
WILLIAM NEAL & Co.
149 Market street, 4 doors below
may 9—3m Fourth, north side, up stairs.

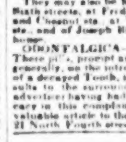
Painter and Glazier.

JAMES CHAMBERS, No. 274 Callowhill street, between Lawrence and Eighth streets, thankful for past favours, would inform his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting, Glazing, Wall Painting, Imitations of Mahogany, Maple, Marble, &c., which he will execute at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.
N. B.—Ready mixed Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, and every article connected with the above business, for sale wholesale and retail.
☞ An Apprentice wanted. nov 15-'34—1y

Cheap Hat Stores.

NO. 299 Callowhill street, (north side,) second door below Sixth street, and No. 495 Market street, (north side,) 3rd door below Broad street.
JAMES HILL, has always on hand at his stores an assortment of FUR and SILK HATS, of the best workmanship, manufactured under his own superintendence, which for quality cannot be surpassed in the City or Liberties.
J. H. particularly requests the attention of the public, to his improvement in the manufacture of SILK HATS. Gentlemen, by sending the measure round their heads, the number of inches high, and the size of the brim, can have a Hat made agreeably to their order.
☞ A liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Hatters supplied with Fur Hats in the rough, or Silk Hats, on the most liberal terms. feb 7—1y

Montgomery County.



IN the matter of the application for an inquest to value and appraise the real estate of Jane Price, late of Lower Merion, late of the said county, deceased.
At an Orphans' Court, held at Norristown, in and for said county, the 14th day of April, A. D. 1835, before the Honorable John Fox and Hiram McNeill, Judges of the said court, on motion of Benjamin Powell, the Court grant a rule upon all the Heirs and legal Representatives of said deceased, to be and appear at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Norristown, in and for said county, on Monday, the 17th day of August, A. D. 1835, at 10 o'clock, A. M., then and there to accept or refuse the real estate of said deceased, at the valuation thereof.
Certified from the Record, May 27th, A. D. 1835.
june 6—8t* JOHN H. SHEETZ, Clerk.

THE CELEBRATED
Depurating Syrup.

THIS valuable Syrup, which now stands unrivalled as a curative agent in

Scrofula or King's Evil,	Diseases of the Skin,
Syphilis,	Erysipelas, or St. Anthony's Fire,
Mercurial and Syphiloid Affections,	Obstinate Ulcerations,
White Swellings,	Diseases of the Liver,
Diseases of the Bones,	Chronic Rheumatism, &c.,

And all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, is confidently recommended to those labouring under any of the above mentioned forms of disease.
The truly extraordinary curative properties of this preparation, which are now universally acknowledged, renders panegyric unnecessary; yet the incredulous can fully satisfy themselves, by reference to the numerous and highly respectable testimonials of its efficacy, now in the possession of the proprietor. The proprietor wishes to remark, that he is aware of no instance in which the Depurating Syrup has failed to cure, where the directions for its use have been properly attended to.
The Depurating Syrup is put up in fluted bottles, having a label covering the cork, on which is the signature of the subscriber, without which none is genuine. Directions for its use accompany each bottle. W. R. CLARIDGE.
Price $1. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the drug store of the proprietor, corner of Queen and Hanover streets, Kensington, and by the following Agents who have been appointed for the sale of the above medicine:—D. H. GEORGE, (Principal Agent,) southwest corner of Fourth and Race sts.; Fredk. Klett & Co. northeast corner of Second and Callowhill sts.; Geo. Mellor, northeast corner of Fourth and Walnut streets; T. McClintock, No. 270 Arch street; J. Fleckwir, No. 351 South Second street, opposite German; John Sringhurst, southeast corner of Tenth and Chesnut streets; Peter Humburg, N. W. corner of Callowhill and Garden sts.; Dr. J. Mitchell, N. E. corner of South and Fourth streets, and Dr. M'Clintock, in Fourth opposite Beaver street. mar 7—6m

Carpet Manufactory.

JOSEPH SWARTZ, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia, where fashionable Carpets are wove of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also, ready made Carpets kept on hand, which will be sold wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices.
Orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.
The subscriber also informs the public in general, that he has at present an extensive assortment of Domestic Carpeting for sale, of superior quality, which he can recommend to all parts of the United States, at very low prices for cash.
Also, several hundred yards very superior Plaid Carpeting.
N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. feb 28—6m

T. M. Hughes & J. P. Wilkinson,

COFFIN MAKERS and General Furnishing Undertakers, No. 135 North Tenth, above Race, corner of Sergeant street, feel very grateful to their friends and the public in general, for the liberal encouragement received since they commenced business, and hope, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. They have on hand a large assortment of ready made Coffins, of all sizes, and they will furnish ice and ice boxes, shrouds, winding sheets, gloves, crapes, scarfs—open or close Hearses and Carriages, equal to any in the city. They will also attend to getting layers-out, and graves opened, if desired. The charges will be very moderate, and every thing will be done to give satisfaction.
N. B.—Cabinet Makers will find it to their advantage to call on the Subscribers for any thing they may want in the above named business. mar 14—6m

Cheap Books & Stationery

FOR sale by URIAH HUNT, 101 Market street, (sign of the Mammoth Ledger) a large and extensive assortment of Books and Stationery, particularly adapted to the wants of country merchants and others. Terms accommodating for cash or approved credit. may 2—6m

Circular.

THE Subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a LADIES' SHOE STORE, at the stand formerly occupied by the Messieurs Browns, N. E. corner of Ninth and Locust streets, where he will at all times be fully supplied with a very general assortment of Ladies', Misses', and Childrens' Shoes, made by first rate workmen, every variety of fashion, and warranted to please. The former customers of the establishment, and the public generally, are invited to call and examine the assortment.
JOSEPH EVANS.
N. B.—The business as heretofore conducted at No. 250 Market street, will be continued. apr 11, '35—1y

Dr. D. Jayne's

CARMINATIVE BALSAM & HEALTH RESTORATIVE, for Malignant, Spasmodic or Asiatic Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa or Looseness, Dysentery, Sick or Nervous Head Ache, Cholera Infantum or Summer Complaint, Cholics, Cramps, Sour Stomachs, &c. &c.
TO THE PUBLIC.—As Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam has become so extensively used throughout the United States and West Indies, and is daily adding laurels to its already great celebrity, the proprietor is induced to offer a few remarks on some of the diseases in which it is most useful, and also to give more ample directions for its use. This medicine has been before the public for three or four years past, and has acquired probably a greater degree of popularity than any article ever before introduced into general use. It contains no noxious article, nor mineral or metallic substance, and is carefully compounded, so as to be of uniform strength and consistency. It will keep good for years, and grows more pleasant by age. Children are generally very fond of it, and none will refuse to take it. It is so well adapted to the various complaints of children, that every family should always keep it in their houses, as no families who have used it now do. Sailors and travelling persons should always carry it with them.
This medicine is put up in round brass moulded phials of 2 and 4 ounces each, with the words "Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam," blown on them, and the written signature of Dr. Jayne on the bottom of each directions—none others are genuine. This medicine is not recommended as a "Panacea" to cure all diseases to "which flesh is heir to," but as a remedy in Diarrhœa. The beginning and latter stages of Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, the Spasmodic or Malignant Cholera, Cramps, Cholics, Sick and Nervous Headache. For the Summer Complaint or Cholera of children, it is unrivalled by any other preparation of medicine ever used. It has repeatedly effected cures, when every other means had failed, aided by the attendance and skill of the ablest physicians that could be procured. Obstinate Diarrhœas of years standing, have been removed by the use of a few bottles of it; violent Dysenteries arrested, and Cholera Morbus cured. The spasms attending the Malignant Cholera have always been suppressed in from one to three minutes time, and that much dreaded and fatal disease repeatedly cured without the aid of any other article of medicine, long after collapse had taken place, and the patient and every appearance of being on the verge of eternity, when all hope was gone, and physician and friends in despair. It has then like a guardian angel, rescued the distressed and dying sufferer from the "fell monster's deadly grasp," and restored him to his anxious friends in good health and with renewed energy. In fact, its power over spasmodic diseases of every kind, seem to be absolute, as it has never yet been known to fail of giving relief in a single instance. Griping pains, tormina and tenesmus Cholics, Cramps, &c. are also soon removed by it. Hundreds of females and sedentary persons can attest to its superior excellence in sick and nervous Headaches, as two or three teaspoonfuls generally gives them relief in the course of half an hour. Children labouring under the Summer Complaint, have been cured in a short time after all known remedies had failed: those too who have been so extremely emaciated that their bones almost protruded through their skins, and all hope of recovery abandoned by all who saw them, have by a few weeks' use of this medicine, been restored to perfect health, and grown absolutely fat upon it.
For sale by DR. D. JAYNE, sole Proprietor, Salem, N. J., and by Isaac Thompson, corner of Second and Market sts., West's Drug Store, No. 107 Market street, P. Williamson, corner of Second and Almond streets, Joseph Reakert, corner of Third and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, and by agents in most of the cities in the United States. may 30—3m

To the Printers of the U. States.

J. SPITTALL, wood letter cutter and engraver, No. 21 Franklin Place, Philadelphia, respectfully announces to the Printers of the United States, that he has commenced the manufacture of WOOD LETTERS.
From his general knowledge of the business, and long practical acquaintance with printing, he is convinced his letters will, at least, bear comparison, in every respect, to any made in America; and warranted to be superior to those made by patent machinery.
Wood Letters of every description, from four to thirty-four lines Pica, or upwards, made to order on the shortest notice.
Ornamental letters of entirely new and most splendid patterns, for Heads of Newspapers, Title Lines, &c. from two lines Great Primer to any size larger.
J. S. invites the attention of the trade to his Fancy Letters, confident that nothing equal to them has hitherto been submitted to their notice. These letters will be cut on box-wood of the best quality, and well seasoned, and will be less liable to damage than type metal.
His type generally will be made of materials of the best assortment, well seasoned, and prepared by machinery, invented for the purpose, which ensures the most exact adjustment.
Sorts, in all cases, excepting when intended to complete fonts purchased from the above, charged extra.
Specimens will be published as early as possible.
ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, executed with neatness and promptitude. Heads for Newspapers, Fac similes, Ornamental and Plain Rules, &c. &c. cut with the greatest accuracy in type metal or wood.
Borders for large bills, &c. cut to any pattern, in pieces regulated to fit any size.
Old cast metal cuts, ornaments, &c. engraved over, and made equal to new, for half their original cost.
J. S. will keep constantly on hand every material necessary for a Printing Office. A liberal discount for cash. Six months credit on the most approved security. Orders from the country promptly attended to. All letters must be post paid. apr 11—tf

Hides, Oil and Leather.

THE Subscriber has at his Hide and Leather Store, No. 2 South Third street, half way between Market and Chesnut streets, a large assortment of Spanish Hides, Tanners' Oil, Tools and Leather, viz:

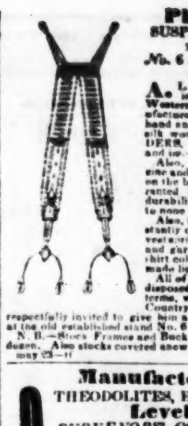
3100 La Plata Hides,	600 La Guyra Hides,
3500 Chili, do	500 Pernambuco, do
2000 Rio Grande do.	all of the best quality

2540 Heavy Green Salted Patna Kipps, for Upper Leather.
101 Bbls. best Straits and Bank Oil.
All of which he will sell on the most accommodating terms to Tanners.
A general assortment of Leather finished and in the rough. Leather wanted, for which the highest market prices will be given in cash, or in exchange for Hides, &c.
DAVID KIRKPATRICK,
feb 28 '35—1y No. 21 South Third Street.

Mrs. R. L. Smith,

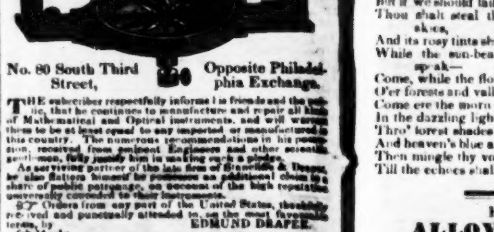
RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public generally, that her store, which was recently destroyed by fire, has been refitted, and that she can now offer an extensive assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, at the old stand, No. 104 North Second street, below Race, west side.
These goods have been selected with great care, comprising the newest and most desirable styles in the market, and will be sold at her unusually low prices. The following articles are included in her assortment, viz: London style prints, stripe and plaid ginghams, rich fancy do., cambric and jaconet muslins, book, mull and Swiss do., [illegible] plaid and check do., superior open work do., rich embroidered do., [illegible] and undressed linens, long lawns and Hollands, [illegible] cambric dimities, [illegible] table diapers, linen cambric [illegible] and white and black cotton hose, fancy and plain do., [illegible] gloves, silk, cotton and linen do. assorted coloured cambrics, plain and fancy drillings, [illegible] Princettas, summer cloths, nankins, super French bombazines, [illegible] ribbons, Florence, [illegible] crapes, head reticules and bags, [illegible] laces and edgings, [illegible] white and fancy cravats, Italian and fancy silk do., silk and cotton hdkfs, Cashmere and fancy shawls, [illegible] checks and plaids, white and coloured Canton flannel, tapes, bindings, pins, spool cotton, buttons, patent threads, braids—with a variety of other articles not mentioned. may 9—3m

Philadelphia
SUSPENDER & STOCK MANUFACTORY,
No. 6 South Fourth street below Market.



A. L. VANHORN respectfully informs the Southern and Western Merchants, that he manufactures and has constantly on hand an assortment of fine silk, silk worsted and cotton SUSPENDERS, made in the most modern and improved styles.
Also, silk, satin, velvet, bombazine and hair cloth STOCKS, made on the best Bristle Frames, & warranted in point of workmanship, durability and shape, to be inferior to none made.
Also, manufactures and has constantly on hand RUSSIAN BELTS, vestings, gum elastic boot straps and garters, cravat stiffeners, Linen shirt collars and bosoms, and ready made linen in the greatest variety.
All of the above articles will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail.
Country merchants in general are respectfully invited to give him a call, before they purchase, at the old established stand No. 6 South Fourth street.
N. B.—Stock Frames and Buckles for sale by the gross or dozen. Also stocks covered anew, and suspenders repaired.
may 23—tf

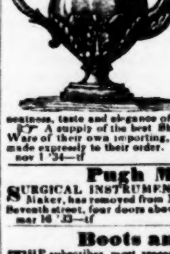
Manufactory of
THEODOLITES, ENGINEERS' Levels,
SURVEYORS' COMPASSES, &c. &c.



No. 80 South Third Street, Opposite Philadelphia Exchange.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture and repair all kinds of Mathematical and Optical instruments, and will warrant them to be at least equal to any imported or manufactured in this country. The numerous recommendations in his possession, received from eminent Engineers and other scientific gentlemen, fully justify him in making such a pledge.
As surviving partner of the late firm of Stancliffe & Draper, he also flatters himself he possesses an additional claim to a share of public patronage, on account of the high reputation universally conceded to their instruments.
☞ Orders from any part of the United States, thankfully received and punctually attended to, on the most favourable terms, by EDMUND DRAPER.
feb 14—1y

Silver Plate, Spoon and Fork
MANUFACTORY,
Southwest corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.



THE Subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the Silversmith business, or made to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufacturing prices.
Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.
☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order. R. & W. WILSON.
nov 1 '34—tf

Pugh Madeira,

SURGICAL INSTRUMENT AND ELASTIC TRUSS Maker, has removed from North Third street, to 23 South Seventh street, four doors above Chesnut, Philadelphia.
mar 16 '35—tf

Boots and Shoes.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand a large assortment of LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES of first rate workmanship and materials, which he will dispose of on the most moderate terms, wholesale and retail. COUNTRY MERCHANTS are respectfully invited to call before purchasing elsewhere, as they are assured that in so doing, they will find it to their advantage.
OLIVER WHILLDIN.
mar 7—6m No. 360 South Second street.

New and Fashionable
JEWELLERY, WATCHES, &c.

THE subscriber, having added to his former stock, a variety of new and fashionable goods in his line, respectfully invites his friends and the public to call before purchasing elsewhere.—Rich Chains, Necklaces, Gold, do. various patterns, Ear rings, Breast-pins, and Finger-rings, in great variety. A very handsome assortment of Ladies' and gentlemen's gold and silver L'Epine, Patent Lever, and plain Watches. Musical Time Pieces, Musical Boxes, Silver Spoons, Plated and Britannia ware, &c. &c.
E. P. LESCURE.
No. 78 North Second street, above Arch, opposite the Philadelphia Hotel.
N. B.—Bead bags of various colours and patterns. Clocks and watches carefully repaired and warranted. feb 21—6m

Wanted.

WE, the undersigned, contractors of the Lafayette and Franklin Banks of Cincinnati, are in want of a number of good Stone Cutters, Stone Setters and Labourers, to whom constant employment and liberal wages will be given.
J. & J. ROBERTS,
june 6—10t* Walnut and Eighth sts. Cincinnati.

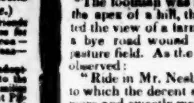
Canton House,
No. 30 South Eighth Street, third door below Chesnut street, and also at 262 North Second street (10 doors above Callowhill, west side.)

CHARLES & SYLVESTER, announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened these stores for the sale of Teas, Coffee, Chocolate and prepared Cocoa—comprising Gunpowder, Hyson, Imperial and Black Teas—Mocha, Java, Manilla and West India Coffee.
C. & S. have introduced the system now universally adopted in all European cities, of confining their business to the sale of the above articles EXCLUSIVELY, that families may secure Teas in their original purity free from that PECULIAR flavour which they invariably acquire when sold in conjunction with general groceries.
The patronage of the families of this city and its vicinity, is respectfully solicited, to whom CHARLES & SYLVESTER submit a list of their cash prices.

GREEN TEAS.	
Superior Gunpowder,	$1 00 to 1 25
Extra Imperial,	1 00 to 1 12½
Superior Young Hyson,	75 to 1 00
Young Hyson of fine and good quality,	50 to 62½
BLACK TEAS.	
Superior Pecco Tea,	$1 00
Bouchong and Pouchong of excellent qualities, from	62½ to 75
Fine rough flavoured Souchong,	50

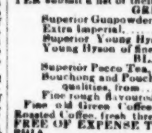
Fine old Green Coffee, prepared Cocoa, Chocolate, and Roasted Coffee, fresh three times per week, DELIVERED FREE OF EXPENSE TO ANY PART OF PHILADELPHIA. feb 21—1y

PATENT
GUM ELASTIC
Boots and Shoes.



THE undersigned has constantly on hand, a good supply of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gum Elastic Boots and Shoes with Leather Soles cemented to them. They are neatly finished, of fashionable shapes, and designed as a substitute for all other kinds for winter wear. Also, a good assortment of plain Gum Elastic Over Shoes, by the case or dozen.
Also, Gum Elastic Table Covers, &c. &c.
Country Merchants and others, are respectfully invited to call and examine them. SAML. D. BREED.
april 5 '34—tf No. 13 North 7th street.

Coal Grates and Fenders.



JAMES M. JACKSON, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he still continues the manufacture of the above articles, at No. 122 North Fifth street, west side, 3 doors above Race, where he has constantly on hand a variety of Grates of the latest patterns, for sale cheap for cash.
☞ A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers.
N. B.—Black Lead, Rottenstone and Lustre of a superior quality for cleaning Grates and Stoves. ap 25 '35—1y

Removal.

PETER WRIGHT respectfully informs his customers and country merchants, generally, that he has removed his China, Glass and Queensware establishment, from Nos. 34 and 36 North Third street, to that large and commodious store, No. 259 Market street, eight doors below Seventh, north side, where he is now opening, (received by the latest arrivals) a general assortment of new and well selected ware, comprising all the varieties of the latest patterns and colours, which in addition to his former assortment, he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms. Country merchants and dealers generally, are respectfully solicited to call and examine for themselves. They may rest assured that no exertions shall be spared to give satisfaction both in selecting and packing the ware, and the strictest regard paid to the directions and wishes of those who may favour the establishment with their patronage. jan 3—tf

Durability, Convenience and Economy.

GOLD'S PATENT UNION OVEN. This beautiful article, designed for baking and roasting, and also answering other purposes—embracing every good quality that can be thought of—free from every defect, and wholly unobjectionable, is now offered for inspection and sale at 21 South Seventh street. For durability, convenience and economy, no article of the kind will bear any comparison. We challenge any one to point out any essential defect. It is warranted to operate well, and may be returned free of charge if it fails in any thing that we promise of it. One of its valuable properties is, its great simplicity: any one can manage it. It is constructed on principles perfectly original, and is made of all sizes, suited to hotels, boarding houses and private families. It is warranted to bake twelve loaves of bread with 3 quarts of Charcoal, to bake a biscuit in fifteen minutes, and all other things in corresponding time. Let such as are incredulous, if there be any, prove it by trial.
GOLD, FOSTER & Co. 78 Nassau st. New York.
WILLARD JONES, Agent,
may 9—6m 21 South Seventh street, Philada.

Wholesale and Retail Bedding
WARE-HOUSE, corner of 4th and Vine Sts.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the largest and best assortment in Philadelphia—such as ready made beds, bolsters and pillows, curled hair mattresses, moss do. cotton do. wool do. cattail do. straw do. high-post bedsteads, Field do. French do. pew and settee cushions; the best baked geese feathers, by the sack or single pound; western feathers, bed ticking by the piece or single yard; curled hair, moss and cattail by the pound.
N. B. Old hair mattresses repaired. (*All goods bought at this store will be warranted*) E. CLARK.
feb 4 '35—1y

To the Ladies.

CHEAPEST and most fashionable Furs in the city, No. 39 South Second street, 3 doors above the Custom-house, and 79 Chesnut street, below Congress Hall.
DAVID LEVINE, Manufacturer and Importer of Furs, respectfully informs the ladies, that for the accommodation of his numerous customers he has opened another Fur Store, No. 79 Chesnut street, where he will sell at his usual low prices. Ladies are invited to call and see, before they purchase elsewhere, his extensive stock of Boas, Pelerines, Capes and Muffs, and particularly his Lynx, as he has every advantage by selecting his Furs in Europe himself. dec 6 '34—1y

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 36 CARTER'S ALLEY,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank
TERMS—$2 50, if paid during the year.
$2 00, if paid in advance.
$3 00, if not paid during the year.
$1 25, for six months.
☞ *The above terms mean literally what is expressed. Any person, by subscribing, makes a CONTRACT ("as we understand it") to comply with those terms, the same as when purchasing any kind of property at a stipulated price; a deviation from them cannot be claimed as a right.*
Papers discontinued only at the option of the publisher while arrearages are due.
* * Small notes of Solvent Banks, received at par value for subscriptions, &c. by mail.
☞ Unpaid Letters not taken from the Post-Office.